

JOHN BULL

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ONE PENNY.

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*The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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I WAS DEAF, BUT NOW I HEAR.

The Remarkable Story of a Clever Invention which Enables the Deaf to Hear.

A Wireless Telephone for the Ear.

By **PROFESSOR HOFFMANN.** (*Inventor of the Ear-Phone.*)

I want to tell all those members of the public who suffer from *Deafness or Defective Hearing*, that I have discovered a way whereby they can once again hear as well as those who are not deaf.

I want to tell you, if either of these complaints are yours, that I can enable you to hear, unless yours happens to be an instance of deafness from birth or of total paralysis of the sense of hearing. If you will communicate with me and follow my advice (which will be gladly given free of all charge), I will enable you to hear as well and as distinctly as anybody could wish. I am sure of this because I cured myself in just the same way.

I, myself, know what deafness can be. I have known what it is to feel my sense of hearing growing worse and worse every day, and myself becoming more and more unfit to carry on the scientific work to which I was devoted. And it is because I remember this so vividly that I am earnestly anxious to place within reach of every sufferer from deafness the very same means that gave me back my hearing.

HOW I CAME TO STUDY THE PROBLEM OF DEAFNESS.

This is how I happened to make my discovery. I happened, at the time, to be engaged in certain delicate telephonic test-work, when, suddenly, I became aware that I could not hear as well as I had used to do. I was *growing deaf*. Words became blunted and blurred. Sometimes whole sentences of conversation were completely lost to me. And as with every week the disorder grew worse and worse, I felt that in a short time I should be compelled to give up in despair.

But all the time this extraordinary fact held me to hope, that although it was sometimes most difficult to distinguish what people in the same room as myself were saying to me, yet I could hear them quite plainly whenever they were speaking to me over the "phone," possibly from a distance of many miles.

This fact held me from the first. I thought, I experimented, I studied the matter in all its bearings. And the more I studied why I could hear people over the "phone" better than in ordinary conversation, the more convinced I became that some adaptation of the principle of the telephone would enable my deaf ears to hear again.

HOW I MADE MY DISCOVERY.

It was while lying in bed one night that the question suddenly flashed across my inner consciousness.

"Why not a 'phone' inside my deaf ears?"

The inspiration was so strong upon me that I instantly rose, dressed, and fairly rushed to my workshop. Within twenty-four hours I had before me, fully completed, a minute appliance, the effect of which on my hearing was so magnificent that it made me exclaim aloud, "At last I have got it!"

I found that with the "Ear-Phone" I could hear perfectly. All soundings in the head ceased. I no longer had to strain to catch every syllable or to ask my friends to repeat their remarks, "because I couldn't hear what they said." My hearing was as good as in the days of my youth. Moreover, it was *simple to wear, quite invisible, absolutely safe*, and caused no discomfort whatever—rather the reverse. And so I determined to make known my invention to a wider circle, and to give every man, woman, or child in this country afflicted with deafness or defective hearing the opportunity of making deaf ears hear.

HOW I CAN HELP YOU.

My "Ear-Phone" is a scientific, but quite simple aural aid. It fits easily and comfortably into the outer passage of the ear, where it constitutes a perfect sounding board, concentrating the sound waves upon the ear drum. In fact, it acts to the ear of the "hard-of-hearing" much as a pair of spectacles act to the eyes of the short-sighted. It is an ear-spectacle.

You can keep a pair in all day and all night, and as there is no unsightly and dangerous outside attachment, nobody can tell you are using anything at all.

Now, if you are a sufferer from defective hearing I need hardly say how very pleased I shall be to have you write me on the subject, and give me particulars of your case. Naturally, I am very interested in all such cases, and if you would care to peruse a book I have written upon deafness and ear trouble, and how such complaints are at once relieved by the use of the "Ear-Phone," I will send you along a copy by return. I think it will interest you, and therefore invite you to accept a presentation copy from me. I am earnestly desirous of doing anything in my power to help any man, woman, or child in this country suffering from deafness to recover, as I did, this most precious gift of hearing.

The following are a few of the distinctive features of my "Ear-Phone":—

1. It cures deafness and arrests its progress.
2. It relieves hardness of hearing.
3. It causes no irritation.
4. It has no clumsy attachments.
5. It is entirely invisible.
6. It is perfectly safe.
7. It can be worn always—sleeping, washing, bathing, etc.
8. It is free from wire or metal.
9. It does not cause unpleasant noises in the ear.
10. It guards the mucous membrane from all atmospheric effects.

If you will write to Professor Hoffmann, at (Dept. 60A) 54, Duke Street, Oxford Street, London, W., I will send you at once (post free, and gratis) a copy of my illustrated book,—"The Sense of Hearing: How it is Impaired and How it may be Restored." All who read my book say it is the most interesting and helpful book ever written for the deaf and hard-of-hearing.

JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

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Saturday, July 17th, 1909.

One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

If the Lords do not get the opportunity to reject the Budget before October, the General Election will be put off till January, when the Commons will be summoned for the purpose of passing either a Resolution or a Bill dealing with the Veto, but not the constitution, of the Upper House, with a view to the election being fought upon the specific issue of People *versus* Peers. If, on the other hand, the Finance Bill goes up early in September and is thrown out by the middle of that month, the General Election will be in October—unless the Lords will agree to the Parliamentary Registers, which, in the ordinary course, would not come into operation till January 1st, being advanced to November 1st, as in the case of the Municipal Registers. That is all there is now to be said on the political situation.

Of course, the Opposition will not fall into the trap. They will meet any Resolution or Bill of the kind we have mentioned with an amendment declaring that the action of the Lords in regard to the Government policy is in accordance with the opinion of the country, and will thus insist upon the issue being directed to the merits of the Budget and the Licensing Bill rather than to abstract questions of constitutional law. But it does not much matter. In any case, the Liberals will be routed North, South, East and West. So will the Labour men. *And the Irish will be left, once more, masters of the situation.* And then what will the Tories do? "Devolution"? Or—evolution?

How the idea of a "Business Government" is catching on! The Man-with-the-Vote is heartily sick of the Party Politician—the Lawyer, the Book-worm, the Theorist. He wants men of affairs—soldiers for the Army, sailors for the Navy, financiers for the Exchequer, commercial men for the Board of Trade. John Burns is about the only member of the present Ministry who possesses any natural qualification for his post, which accounts for there having been three changes already in his Parliamentary secretaries. By the way, why is he silent on the Budget?

Though the Lower House of Convocation has not had the courage to vote for the prohibition of the *Quicunque Vult*, otherwise the "warning" of the Athanasian Creed, the Dean of Westminster has got in the thin edge of the wedge. The *Quicunque* is still to be retained in the Prayer Book, but without the existing rubric. The effect will be that those parsons who desire to *quicunque* may do so, and those who don't, needn't. For the rubric says that the Athanasian Creed *shall* be said or sung on certain occasions. Still, we must see what Parliament has to say on the matter. Whilst we have an Established Church, Mr. John Robertson, M.P., Mr. Burns, Lord Morley, and other agnostics are answerable for its rubrics, and they must not be permitted to shelve their responsibility.

Quicunque Vult is a damnation creed; and this is neither swearing nor jesting, but literal truth. For it is written that "Whosoever will [*quicunque vult*] be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic Faith. Which Faith except everyone do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly." Thus it will be seen that the Creed damns for ever and ever a large number of highly respectable persons in various parts of the world, including Cabinet Ministers, Jews, and Unitarians. It always recalls to our mind the famous row between the Jewish converts and the Gentiles in the early Christian Church, the Jews vehemently asserting that unless the Gentiles were circumcised they could not be saved. This row was also settled by a side wind, the Jews agreeing to allow the Gentiles to be saved without circumcision on condition that the Gentiles would not eat meat offered to idols. And still there are people who say that compromise is never satisfactory!

By the way, we do not notice that any member of the Lower House of Convocation moved the omission from the Prayer Book of the untruthful observation in the "Table of Kindred and Affinity, wherein whosever are related are forbidden by Scripture and our laws to marry together," that "A man may not marry his (deceased) wife's sister." He may.

Whilst Mr. Popp, of High Wycombe, is apparently enjoying a respite from Sunday trading persecution, the disease appears to be spreading in other places. At Teignmouth, for instance, we read of a Mr. Nathan, a fruiterer—sounds scarcely Christian, does it?—having his stock of bananas and oranges forfeited by order of the local Bench for having exposed them for sale on the Sabbath. It was evidently a bad case, for a police constable testified that he saw "several people go into the shop, which was near the entrance to the pier, and buy fruit"! Now, if they had gone into the public-house and bought beer—but, there we are again, that would have offended the teetotalers. What is a thirsty man to do on Sunday? We have it—join the local Liberal, or Conservative, club. Who says the resources of civilisation are exhausted?

Join the John Bull League. Membership already a quarter of a million.

Of course the King can do no wrong and, in loyal eyes, he will always look nice even though he does wear a soft hat with a frock-coat. But the fat, oily, sycophantic courtier may look a guy even when aping Royalty. So we hope that the new fashion will not find general adoption.

Dr. T. F. Tracey, the president of the Registered Dentists' Association of Scotland, writes us a long and convincing letter condemning the Anæsthetics Bill just introduced in Parliament by Dr. Cooper. He points out how hardly the measure will press upon both dentists and the public, and that not one single fatality has occurred at the hands of the dental anæsthetists. As with the law, however, so it is with the medical profession. Each is a gigantic Trades Union. We must do our best to break down its tyranny.

An illustration of the point is afforded by a Special Report upon the Finance Bill just issued by a committee of the Law Society. Here is the key to the whole Report:—"Apart from the general question as to the propriety or otherwise of the proposed taxation, the committee feel very strongly that the way in which the Bill seeks to exclude the ordinary jurisdiction of the Courts should meet with the most strenuous opposition." That is a very pretty phrase—"exclude the ordinary jurisdiction of the Courts." In other words, take Costs out of the pockets of the lawyers. We say nothing of the merits in this particu'ar case.

Several readers have asked us to "carpet" the Postmaster-General for his action over the Dick case—in which a young man of good character was subjected to gross official persecution because he loved a lady against the wishes of her parents. We feel greatly inclined to do so—but Mr. Buxton voted for our Bank Balances Bill! So we will let him off.

One of our readers tells us that he was recently arrested, on a charge of conspiracy—we know that charge!—and brought before the Aylesbury Bench. No evidence was offered, the Deputy Chief Constable asking for a remand. Bail was at once tendered to the extent of £2,000, but the Deputy Chief Constable objected, on the ground that "the ends of justice would be defeated." Our correspondent was then taken to Oxford Prison and confined in a felon's cell for 29 days, his letters, even to his solicitor's, being read by the Governor! He was also put to the great expense of having to see his solicitor and prepare his defence at Oxford Prison. And then the case came on again—and the charge was dismissed! *Won't* you join the John Bull League?

There was a collision in Oxford Street a while ago between a growler and a motor omnibus, as the former was issuing from a side street. The owner of the growler "county-courted" the owners of the omnibus for damage. At the time of the collision the growler happened to be carrying a real live Irish marquess—there are only ten of them, all told, in the Irish peerage—and he elected to give evidence for the other side. The noble lord said that in his opinion the cabdriver did not look to see whether there was any traffic in Oxford Street, but he admitted, in cross-examination, that the omnibus was coming at a great pace. The judge was so impressed by the evidence of this aristocratic witness that he gave a verdict for the defendants. On reading the case, as reported in the papers, we thought this was rather rough on the plaintiff, but the point we wish to make is—this is probably the first time on record where the driver of a London growler has got into trouble by being in too much of a hurry. To have violently assaulted a motor-bus will surely be recorded as the growler's last dying protest against the new order of things.

Has anybody cash to spare for the "Southall-Norwood Licence Watch Committee"? They want it to aid their system of espionage, and according to a green circular they send out headed, "I will go in the strength of the Lord," contributions "will be gladly received and acknowledged by the treasurer." It need not be said that the society is a body of pernicious teetotal fanatics. They have organised themselves as a league of spies on publicans—a sort of secret police working in the underground labyrinths of treachery. In the words of the circular, "it is the intention of the committee to watch over the administration of the laws relating to the trade in intoxicating drinks, and to report breaches thereof to the proper authorities." Incidentally, we take it that they will spy on the regular police officers of the district, whom they insult by assuming that they do not do their duty. The leading spirits of the committee seem to be in close touch with a local Wesleyan Brotherhood. Fanatic teetotalers being allied with religious bigots, it is not difficult to guess that the monstrous espionage will be as thorough as zeal and contributions can make it. It is not only grossly un-English, but grossly un-Christian, and we trust that the committee's Judas work will receive no countenance whatever from anybody in the district who values the traditional fair-play of his fellow-countrymen.

The *Birmingham Gazette*, writing in anticipation of the Royal visit, said: "At no point will their Majesties be more heartily cheered than on passing the Deaf and Dumb Institution." This seems scarcely quite loyal.

In our issue of October 17th last, we stated that "Mr. George H. Kendrick has been selected as Lord Mayor of Birmingham for the coming year. And hereby hangs a tale. Whenever the important buildings of the University are completed, the opening ceremony will be performed by the King . . . and the then Lord Mayor of the city will be knighted. Mr. George Kendrick was ear-marked for the Mayoralty during the King's year." If you see it in JOHN BULL . . .!

We all love John, barring the Labour Party, and it looks as though they had got another iron wherewith to torture his placid soul. A few days ago, he received from a poor old carpenter of Guildford a letter addressed to "The Most Noble Burns," and commencing: "I am taking the great liberty of writing to your lordship." The old man apparently thought that Mr. Burns had been elevated to the House of Lords. Knowing no better, let him be forgiven. There is a deep, true note of pathos in what he had to say. "My age is 68, and my dear old wife is 67, and we have been man and wife 45 years. I have applied to the Guardians for a little help that we may try and end our days together. They will give my poor old wife the starvation sum of 3s. a week if I go into the House and work at my trade. We feel it a great hardship to be separated after so many years together." Mr. Burns sent on the letter to the Guardians, requesting that they would consider it. They considered it accordingly, and "decided to take no action in the matter." And this after having been "householders and ratepayers in the town of Guildford for 35 years, and have lived in the same cottage." But there's a good time coming—if they live to be 70. Meanwhile, they will have to jog arm in arm along the old, old road.

There can be no question that Mr. Imre Kiralfy's "Alpine Mountain Railway" at the White City ought to be shut up, and that without delay. The thing is obviously catastrophic. Whatever else the White City is run for, it certainly should not be run to enrich the undertaker and stimulate what Mr. Chamberlain would call a dying industry. To save the people, we must suppress the machine.

Who is Mr. Partington, the new Junior Lord of the Treasury? At the time of going to press, we have no reliable information. If he is a member of the well-known firm of bill-posters, we wish him luck. But his wife will require a very big mop to stem the tide which is rising against the Government.

All good things in good time. Presently the ratepayers of Bournemouth will wake up to the fact that the Sabbatarians are costing them dear. Largely, if not wholly, owing to the fact that the tribe of Chadband have the Borough Council in their pockets and will not permit the trams to be run on Sundays, the ratepayers lost nearly £6,000 on their undertaking last year. Knowing that they are between the Nonconformist Conscience and the deep sea, the Council are now trying to make up the deficit by raising fares all round, the result being that more people are walking. The situation would be comic if it were not disastrous. The present Council have a deal of Grace, but they cost a lot of money. Doesn't it strike the ratepayers that it is about time they tried a new lot?

The principles of taxation inaugurated by the present Government appear to be capable of indefinite application. A well-known London solicitor suggests the following:—(1) A year to year licence duty payable by husbands on the monopoly value of a wife, such value to be assessed as the difference between what she could earn for herself as a spinster or otherwise, and the amount which is now spent on household expenses, pin money, &c. This clearly represents the value of the monopoly which the husband enjoys as against other men and which is conferred by the State upon him. Such licence only to be issued at the discretion of specially appointed Commissioners. (2) A 20 per cent. tax upon "unearned increment" in the shape of money inherited by the wife during her marriage, and to be payable in the same circumstances in which income-tax is now chargeable on the combined incomes of husband and wife. (3) A tax on the "site value" of the wife, this value to be fixed at such a sum as a willing seller would take for the wife without clothes, jewellery, or other appurtenances, but which would on the other hand represent her desirability having regard to the character and extent of her social acquaintance and the natural advantages, due to her surroundings, past and present. (4) Mr. Harold Cox has already indicated the adaptation of the tax on ungotten minerals to bachelors. It could be applied almost as easily to married men.

A terrible rumour reaches us. It is none other than that during the recent Church Pageant, the lady who took the part of Queen Elfreda was seen sitting at the centre table of the public tea-room, smoking cigarettes with St. Dunstan! 'Orrible.

May we submit to such of our contemporaries as are short of a silly season topic, the possibilities of a really profitable discussion of the problem: "Should cabmen wear top-hats?" The idea is not wholly our own: we are indebted to some extent to Councillor Knowles, of Fleetwood. It appears that some of the Fleetwood cabbies display the doggy bowler, others the plebeian cap. This, says Councillor Knowles (and who will deny it?), "does not add to the town's tone of respectability." Dress maketh man, said a moderately wise thinker some time ago; so that Councillor Knowles is in no want of precedent. But why only top-hats? Frock-coats, the latest thing in ties and fancy vests, well-cut trousers, and something neat in foot-wear, ought also to be insisted upon. Even so, there might remain a little matter of language requiring attention—unless, perchance, the Fleetwood cabman is not as other cabmen.

We continue to receive evidences of discontent among the London cabbies with respect to the administration of the *Daily Mail* Fund for displaced drivers. Of course, the method of disbursement of such a fund is sure to fail to satisfy many, however discreetly its managers go about the job. In the present case, we gather, it is the older cabmen who are crying out. The *Mail* people appear to be devoting the fund mainly, or largely, to the support of the cabbies who are still young enough to learn motor-driving. But there is much to be said for this course. Obviously the best thing that can be done for these men is to give them a new way of making a living now that the old is fading, and to render the process of transition as comfortable as possible. But we trust that the elderly drivers who are past motor-cabwork are not being given the cold shoulder. We are loth to believe it. It is further suggested that a motor-cab company is being supplied consequently with cheaper labour than it could find in the open market, and that some few of the "learners" are drawing £1 a week from the fund for day work with a motor-cab and at night are driving horse-cabs. Probably the grievance is to some extent imaginary on the part of the older men; but we hope the *Mail* will look into it promptly.

Lord Lonsdale is a good sportsman and a man of sound common-sense. We have hopes that his outspoken denunciation of the ridiculous Marathon Race craze will help to kill one of the maddest freaks of recent years. There may have been an excuse for the first of these ghastly fixtures, at the Olympic Games, although we cannot imagine what it was. But the revolting travesty of sport then witnessed should have made any further such performance impossible. Far from that being the case, there has been a regular epidemic of Marathons; no tuppenny-ha'penny athletic meeting is now considered complete without one. Some lunatics have even arranged them for boys, although any doctor who knows his business will tell you that a sustained struggle of this sort is the most certain way of injuring a young lad for life. Now the Territorials are to develop heart disease on the same lines—for the honour and glory of certain firms.

As an expert in fouling his own nest, your temperance advocate takes a lot of beating, especially if he be a Presbyterian as well as a teetotaler, and in particular if he be also a Scotsman. Sir Samuel Chisholm, LL.D., former Provost of Glasgow, is in America orating to the Pan-Presbyterian Council. We hope the Scottish people at large will like his discourse. "Scotland," he said, "has the reputation of being a drunkards' country. While I desire to hold up the character of my fellow-countrymen, I will not deny the charge." Now the Scots have their peculiarities—they combine the largest proportional church membership with the largest proportional illegitimacy, for instance; but as a nation they are no more open to the charge of being "drunkards" than the inhabitants of the "Dry" States of the American Union are to the accusation of being "drug-fiends." The Yankee may prefer to drink alcoholic patent-medicines; the Scotsman likes whisky. "The fiery liquid goes to the Scotsman's head," says the ex-Provost, "making him a spectacle for gods and men, and the police." "Drink," he added, "costs Scotland 60,000 lives per annum"! Was there ever such drivel? We shall have to send him a feed of oats, or a few thistles—or a biscuit.

We rejoice to learn that our advice is being taken, and that the Government does not intend to embark upon a marauding expedition to Somaliland, where the Mullah is impregnable among his waterless wastes. The follies of the late Government in that part of the globe should afford a salutary lesson to His Majesty's present advisers.

Jim Crow is not the only journalist who has fallen foul of the perfect citizens of the city of Joe and Jewellery. A Pressman from the North was at Birmingham recently, and he ventured to say things about the local working-man. And now, a number of Brummagen buttons are in arms and anger against him. Curiously enough, they impute bias and prejudice to this Northerner, as they did even to our own beloved James. "One would think he wrote his notes after having paid a big bill for a wet week-end here," says one of the retorters. Perhaps he did; Jim did! At the same time, why a man from Manchester should make odorous comparisons between the Midland capital and any other city, beats us. With Crow it was different. After all he is a citizen of no mean city.

Join the John Bull League. Membership already a quarter of a million.

Is your swallow-tail an "ideal dress-coat"? Does it "emphasise all the canons of good taste"? Does it lack "angles and sharp points"? Has it "graceful, curving lines which follow the contour of the figure"? Are its "collar-end and the point of the lapel" properly blunted, "but not sufficiently so to be rounded"? Are the lapels faced with silk and the collar covered with velvet? Are the cuffs turned back to any depth or "deep as a military gauntlet" and covered or piped with silk or velvet? Has it a "silk design at the back," instead of two buttons, and is it buttonless in front and at the cuffs? If not, you are not the last word in dressiness. The *Tailor and Cutter* says so. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the Labour Member, we observe, has just invested in a new dress-suit. When next we see him at close quarters we will run over the requirements of our contemporary, and see that everything is as it should be. The Labour Party cannot afford to allow its first member of the next Liberal Ministry to go about in anything but the proper garb. We admit that Ramsay in a dress-suit looks better than John Burns in Court uniform. But that is not the point.

We have received warnings against work-seekers going from England to either South Africa or New Zealand just now. Good domestic servants and farm hands can get work in New Zealand; but so they can here. Wages for skilled artisans there are only a little higher, but living is much more costly. From Natal comes a letter saying that no woman should go out, not even a domestic servant. Many are unemployed, and those employed can hardly live, much less save.

It is unfortunate for the landowners at the present time that some of their class and their minions should be showing us the very worst features of our land system. We do not remember reading within so short a period as many cases of attempts to block footpaths, brow-beat tenants, and so forth; and to cap all, we now have a gamekeeper harking back to the ancient British pastime of potting trespassers with a gun. Now, the people of England as a body are not landlord-haters, but they object to feudalism; and they have conscientious objections to being shot in the stern, even though they have committed the unpardonable sin of trespass. Also they resent being bullied, even in Ireland, when pushing their cycles along what the police admit to be an historic right of way. We do not, however, defend the conduct of the cyclist who had a stand-up fight with a lady "landlord" and her lady friend when she tried to push him off what she said was her property, but which wasn't.

Apropos our recent reference to British naval officers with Teutonic names, what price this one?—Lieutenant Heinrich Richertz Kunhardt, second-in-command, H.M.S. *Diadem*. Hoch! hoch! der Kaiser.

When the tattlers about royal babies are not insipid they are vulgar. The *Liverpool Post* says that the Queen of Spain said, after giving birth to child number 2: "Is it not nice? I always hoped I should have as many babies as grandmamma [who had nine], and I still hope so." Her mother is reported by the same scribe as declaring: "She has taken to maternity as if it were her destined profession." Which, of course, it is! But how disgusting this wretched and tactless snobbery must be to royalty as well as to the sane, decent section of the general public.

Some of the Labour members are just a little bit trying at times. Possibly they take themselves a trifle too seriously. Recently we had Mr. Grayson (whose sense of humour ought to have saved him from such a pass) refusing to appear on the same platform with Mr. Hardie. Now we have Mr. Snowden refusing to "be in any way associated with anything with which Mr. Bell is connected." Mr. Snowden, it appears, has "no respect" for Mr. Bell; and he carries his ill-feeling so far as to refuse to act as joint arbitrator with him on behalf of some Ebbw Vale working-men. Altogether, Mr. Snowden must be, we imagine, what the French call *un peu difficile* to get on with. He fell out with Mr. Bruce Glasier because he did not like the way that gentleman ran the official organ of the I.L.P., but refused to help him to improve it. He fell out with the one and only Victor because that lively young man used some of his salary to stand his friends a dinner. Now he has the impudence to insult Mr. Bell, who years before Mr. Snowden became a fancy-price journalist and Temperance spouter, as a result of his sudden elevation in the Labour Party, was doing yeoman service for the people. Mr. Snowden evidently is almost as disagreeable as he looks.

We are pleased to see that some so-called entertainment caterers in the Potteries who have been exploiting the miserable "fasting man" Sacco have not been allowed to dodge their liability to a local medico whom they engaged to certify the *bona-fides* of the affair. It is pitiable that folks will pay to see a fellow-creature in a glass-case sailing as near death as he can go without crossing the line; it is even more pitiable to know that there are human beings ready to make money by such displays. But it is scandalous that qualified doctors are willing to lend their names to such morbid shows; but as there are, they are, we suppose, entitled to be paid for their loathsome service. The best thing that could happen is that Sacco should die during one of these exhibitions—his latest having lasted forty-five days. Then someone might be locked up for a few years. "He was very ill during the last few days," said the doctor in this case; he had to be called up in the middle of the night. The County Court judge was "disgusted." And so we believe are all decent-minded people.

A delicate point was raised in the Oldham Police Court the other day, namely, how old must a magistrate be before he is justified in addressing a magistrate's clerk in disrespectful terms? The Clerk and the Bench disagreed about something, whereupon the Clerk, *sotto-voce*, but not *sotto-voce* enough, murmured that he had never seen "such a lot." There was a hubbub; and Mr. Marsden, J.P., delivered himself strongly. Whereupon the Clerk retorted: "Young! A man who has worked for fifty years too young?" Mr. Marsden was evidently surprised, as well he might be, in these days when they talk about people being "too old at forty." A word in the ear of both beak and clerk. Both of them are young enough to know better than slam each other in public. Doubtful law, dirty linen, and dubious manners are best dealt with privately.

With reference to the "Tunbridge Wells" solicitation case upon which we made some comments in our last issue, it is pointed out that the case occurred, not at Tunbridge Wells, but at Tonbridge, in the Tunbridge Wells district. The appearance of the report in a Tunbridge Wells paper was calculated to give a false idea. It follows, of course, that while the facts remain as to Tonbridge, they have no reference whatever to Tunbridge Wells. The Magistrates' Clerk and the Chief Constable of that town not unnaturally feel aggrieved at having been brought into a matter in which they have no concern whatever. We therefore desire to make it quite clear that anything said or implied by our comments did not and could not refer to Mr. A. T. Simpson, the Magistrates' Clerk, or to Mr. Charles Prior, the Chief Constable, of Tunbridge Wells. The honours connected with the case are the exclusive property of Tonbridge.

Lord Roberts' Conscription Bill is just the kind of Bill which we should have expected from his Lordship. But why does he propose to exempt every "minister of religion"? If warfare is the sacred and patriotic duty of every citizen, why should professors of the higher morality be prevented from practising what they preach? And what is the legal definition of a minister of religion? Would it include ourselves? We hope so; for we are like the gentleman who, having observed that it is a sweet thing to die for your country, and being asked why he didn't do so, replied that he never liked sweet things.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

She was a little girl of seven, and she was telling her mamma how she had seen a dustman with his head all covered in filth in consequence of the ladder having slipped just as the bucket was being tilted into the cart. After a graphic description of the incident and of the ghastly appearance of the dustman, she concluded:—"And, mamma, he sat down on the pavement and told God all about it."

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE HAS ITS EYE ON—



THE VAST UNCLAIMED DEPOSITS, SECURITIES, ETC., WHICH THE BANKS ARE SO ANXIOUS NOT TO DISCLOSE.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating that "the medical men strongly recommend Bull's milk,"

F. BULL AND SON

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For publishing in an account of a wedding that the bride was attired in, among other things: "A black hat with cream feathers, ring, gold bracelet, and RIDING SADDLE, and the bridesmaids with antique pendants,"

THE NORTH DEVON HERALD

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, under the heading of "Colonial's Big Score," that Bardsley, the Australian Cricketer, "made a score of 1,118 and the total for 5 wickets was 287,"

THE EVENING STANDARD

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the late Marquess of Ripon had "held MOST of the offices in the GIFT OF THE CROWN,"

THE DAILY EXPRESS

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following advertisement:

DOMESTIC SERVANTS WANTED.

A Good General for Sale; house attached; rent 6s. 6d. clear,

THE LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "in one Kentish orchard a single frosty night DECIMATED the currants by as much as 80 per cent.,"

THE DAILY MAIL

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing, under the heading "CONTINENTAL," an advertisement of a home in the Canary Islands,

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the one thing which was not Spanish about her WERE her deep blue eyes,"

M.A.P.

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that a girl "was SAVED FROM BURNING by being pushed into the sea, and despite HER BURNS she drove home in a trap,"

THE DAILY EXPRESS

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising that the Savoy Baths are the finest in London, "NEITHER time nor money BEING SPENT in building same,"

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE SAVOY BATHS

TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the ball was quite a foot outside the off stump when it STRUCK THE BAIL,"

THE LIVERPOOL ECHO

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing about the entombed men that, "IF ALIVE, they must have been DROWNED,"

THE MONMOUTHSHIRE EVENING POST

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the average speed across the Atlantic for thirteen consecutive runs has been 25.481 KNOTS AN HOUR,"

THE JARROW GUARDIAN

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing ABERGAVENNY as "by the silver sea,"

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the King and Queen left Buckingham Palace for Hatfield at HALF-FAST FOUR, and that they arrived at Hatfield at 4.30,"

THE SUNDAY TIMES

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE SONG.

The John Bull League grows apace. A quarter-of-a-million members, even before the Constitution is formally adopted! Nothing much can be done till after the holidays. Then we will make things "hum." Meantime, here is our Song—our Battle Song. Who will set it to music? WE WILL PAY £50 FOR THE BEST SCORE SUBMITTED TO US—our decision to be final. The offer is open to the world, but we hope a British composer will be successful. The music must be martial and inspiring, and must reach us not later than the end of August.

JOIN THE LEAGUE!

Men and women, British born,
Who their land's decadence mourn,
Join the League!

Men and women who would view
England great, but merry too,
England strong to dare and do—
Join the League!

Men who would to Parliament
Business men of grit be sent,
Join the League!

Men of England who despise
Party tactics, party lies,
Foolish, false election cries—
Join the League!

Men of England who detest
Mingled cant and interest,
Join the League!

Men of England who would see
All the Church and Clergy free
From their curse—hypocrisy—
Join the League!

Men and women who discern
Justice is not always "stern,"
Join the League!

Clear the Courts of pantomime,
Make our judges every time
Let the sentence fit the crime—
Join the League!

Would you crush the cranks who hate
Pleasures quite legitimate —
Join the League!

Would you utterly destroy
Faddists who would murder joy,
Born on purpose to annoy —
Join the League!

Men and women who would see
Britain great and Britain free,
Join the League!

Slaves no longer, nor the tool
Of the narrow-minded fool,
LET THE RULED ARISE AND RULE—
Join the League!

SOLDIERS.

By JIM CROW.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—nor his life.]

It is a pity that nature rarely endows the same individual with physical and mental qualities. The result is that most soldiers are stupid, pig-headed marionettes, so far, at least, as intelligence is concerned. You see, the kind of young man who enters the Army has visions of perpetual polo, glorious gallops in pursuit of wild beasts, headlong charges against the crumbling columns of wild men. He has no idea of using his head except to bang a football; he probably regards strategy and tactics as synonymous with treachery and meanness. That is why he is frequently so useless in the field under modern conditions, even though he may have been a boy-scout and smoked cigarettes on a hayrick.

THE GLAMOUR OF WAR.

The fact is, all the pomp and circumstance of soldiering are now quite out of date. Oriflammes, glistening helmets, flowing plumes, cuirassiers and grenadiers and bombardiers may be all very decorative and poetical, but they are now about as useful as tomahawks and woad and battle-cries. The soldier of the future will be a sort of trigonometrical machine, dealing destruction's devastating doom with wire-less parabolas in mid-air. Meanwhile, the failure of modern soldiers is due to the fact that they have not yet grasped modern methods.

OFFICERS.

Take officers. They are usually good sportsmen and good fellows. They have a high standard of honour. They are incapable of meanness in any form. But for narrow prejudices they beat any parson into a cocked hat. The ordinary schoolboy is machine-made. All originality and idiosyncracies are carefully expunged from his character, but he contrives to recover some of them when he goes out into the world. The subaltern, however, remains in a mould, and heaps prejudice on prejudice throughout his career. He cherishes the profoundest contempt and dislike for anyone who is not exactly like everybody else in mind, manners and appearance; the soul as well as the body must wear a uniform. The consequence is that an officer, though a very genial companion, is quite a dull one. You know exactly what he will think and say before a mouth is opened.

APOSTLES OF THE TREADMILL.

That would not matter very much, but that his thoughts and words are all wrong. He would apply the discipline of a campaign and of a military academy to private life. He would dragoon our existence as implacably as any Socialist. We should have to bow down to privilege, pay exorbitant taxes for the armaments which maintain him, speak with bated breath of coprolites like Lord Roberts and brass pots like Lord Kitchener. If he had his way, he would impose upon us the abominable curse of conscription, and we should be taken away from our ploughs and our desks and our laboratories and our libraries and our cricket-fields, to abandon ourselves to goose-steps and drills and other varieties of the treadmill. The condition of England would be just as bad as it was under the tyranny of the Major-Generals.

PRIGS OR BORES.

Young soldiers are nearly all prigs, but old soldiers are invariably bores. In our country they do not brag about their exploits, and a V.C. man is usually more modest than a counter-jumper. They would probably be more amusing if they did talk after the manner of the late Baron Munchausen. But they usually try to lay down the law about agriculture, or politics, or free trade, or some other subject which they are equally incapable of understanding. They will tell you that "the country is going to the dogs, sir," or sing in praise of German conscript-slaves and tariff-ridden Yanks. There is no one so unpatriotic, no one so insolent to the Fatherland as your jingo professional patriot. Look at Kipling, the Gadarene.

PALSIED PIETY.

But your veteran is perhaps never more offensive than when he succumbs to the senility of palsied piety. Having studied nothing stronger than the glorified gymnastics, which pass muster for military exercises, he imagines himself qualified to wrestle in prayer, to harangue Bible-readers in drawing-rooms, to circulate crude leaflets about salvation. This attitude might be intelligible as a pretended

penance, but you will find the same old reprobate, who did once upon a time slaughter defenceless savages, unctuously snuffing psalms or crooning family prayers in toothless accents as though murder were a fine art in a bibliolater. It is strange to remark the importance which is attached to a point of view. Your honourable and gallant gospeller would send criminals post-haste to the gallows if they had stabbed an old man in the back and hidden his corpse in a portmanteau. But this champion of the Sixth Commandment will puff himself out with delight over the recollection of his prowess when he caught patriots in a wood and shot them in cold blood, or when he superintended the burning of farms, the looting of palaces and temples, the degradation of a whole people.

A NATION OF TOMMIES.

So far I have contented myself with sneers at officers. But an army, outside America and Monaco, must also contain private soldiers. Now it may be all very fine to be a general and wear gold lace, but nobody wants to be a private. In foreign countries the masses are compelled to serve in the ranks, much as Lord Roberts and Mr. Leno Maxse would like to see them slave-driven over here. Meanwhile, our privates are enlisted from among those who have failed in every other walk in life. As a last alternative, when a wastrel is confronted by starvation or suicide, he saves himself by soliciting the King's shilling. I do not believe that he is always, or even often, the desperate ruffian depicted in the doggerel of Mr. R. Kipling.

PARIAH PRIVATES.

But his treatment and companionship are little better than that of a criminal in a gaol. It is true that he may sometimes walk abroad in a red coat and drink beer and caress a cook. But he is liable to imprisonment, if not to flogging, for speaking his mind, or for unpunctuality, or for various venal breaches of decorum. He sells his liberty when he takes the shilling. And what is his reward? In time of war he is cheered by the crowds as he sets out to risk his life. But when there is no danger in the air he is regarded as a pariah, excluded from places of entertainment, contemptuously dismissed with the cognomen of Tommy. And if certain people had their way, we should all be reduced to the ranks, enchained and enslaved, a nation of Tommies, governed by blockheads in feathers and gold lace.

A LABOUR MEMBER'S GRAND TOUR.

Mr. Keir Hardie the world wants to see,
But Mr. Keir Hardie ain't got a "bawbec,"
So Mr. K. H. to the Labour Partee
Says, "Please I want to go travelling."

The funds being provided, a passage he books;
Of course it's first-class, though he don't care for looks.
But on the big "Liners" one finds splendid cooks,
And he thinks of his Tummy whilst travelling.

In India, he finds a great deal to say,
Upon the great topics discussed every day;
It's easy to talk when there's nothing to pay.
That's just why Keir Hardie goes travelling.

In Durban—God bless them!—his welcome was cold,
And into the Ocean he might have been rolled,
But the sharks didn't want him; he's really too old!
So Keir Hardie continued his travelling.

Cape Town followed Durban, and played the same suit,
Which most people term "The Order of Boot."
With his tail 'tween his legs, and no strength in the root,
Keir Hardie has finished his travelling.

R. W. S.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

President: HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

Offices: 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

To oppose Cant and Self-Righteousness,
and to promote a robust and self-reliant
public opinion, independently of all
creeds and parties.

Object.

An Inaugural Meeting will shortly be held, to adopt the
Rules and Constitution.

SOCIETY OF MINIATURE RIFLE CLUBS.

THE SECRETARY EXPLAINS.

With reference to the remarks which have appeared in our columns in connection with this society, we have been favoured with a visit from the secretary, who informs us that the society was formed some eight years ago for the purpose of inducing men and boys to take up rifle-shooting as a sport and pastime, and also that they should not be entirely unprepared to take their place as a defensive unit in time of need. At the period at which the society was inaugurated it was practically impossible to obtain in this country the shooting appurtenances which were considered most suitable to make rifle-shooting popular amongst the masses. The cartridges required were not manufactured here, ammunition dealers considering that short range rifle-shooting was but a passing fancy and would, therefore, not justify the expense of laying down special machinery. Thus, says the secretary, the society were obliged to go to America and Germany for their cartridges. When the English manufacturers found that short range rifle-shooting had taken a firm hold in the country, they set themselves to work to manufacture the required cartridges; but as they had allowed their competitors two or three years' start, the Council of the society felt that until the English manufacturers had demonstrated their ability to produce a satisfactory cartridge, the society must continue to obtain their ammunition from abroad. In the early part of this year, Messrs. Eley Brothers and Messrs. Kynoch produced samples of ammunition which were proved to be equally as good as that manufactured by German and American firms, the consequence being that the Council at once placed an order for five million rounds of ammunition with Messrs. Kynoch and an order for six million rounds with Messrs. Eley Brothers—this being as much as those firms could undertake to supply during the year 1909.

With regard to our statement that the converted Martini rifles supplied by them are fitted with foreign barrels, we are assured that the society placed an order with Messrs. C. G. Bonehill, of Birmingham, for the conversion of some thousands of Martini rifles, and as this work was done at Messrs. Bonehill's factory, the society naturally considered that they would be of British manufacture. When, however, the fact was brought to their notice that foreign material was being used, the society at once notified Messrs. Bonehill that British material would be insisted upon, with the result that Messrs. Bonehill are now supplying rifles the barrels of which are of British manufacture.

As to our statement that the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs is a trading concern, this is not denied. But it is contended that the society has the best of reasons for trading with their clubs. In the first place, it was distasteful to the Council to be continually appealing for funds to carry on its work; secondly, by adopting a co-operative principle, it was enabled, owing to the reduction in price, following upon the purchase of large quantities of shooting accessories, to place shooting material at the disposal of clubs at the lowest rates. We are assured that, after paying expenses of office organisation, the profit is devoted to furthering the formation of additional clubs, the holding of rifle meetings throughout the country at which members of the clubs compete, and to awarding prizes for shooting. During the last year, the sum dispersed in the latter connection is stated to have amounted to nearly two thousand pounds.

TO "LIMER."

(An appeal to a reader to return home.)

A young man of 24 writes to us to say that a friend of his has "unfortunately gone slightly wrong in his business affairs, and despite the fact that he has many influential friends, has been too proud to appeal to them, and has bolted." Our correspondent tells us that if his friend will return, "his honour and situation will be both saved to him." His mother and father are both very old and heartbroken by their trouble. He is the youngest son. Our correspondent tells us that he himself has been unjustly charged with being cognisant of his friend's wrongdoing, and he is satisfied that whilst he might refuse to return if he had only himself to consider, he will not hesitate to do so once he knows that his friend's good name is involved, and that only his return can clear it. Unfortunately his present address is unknown, but our correspondent says he was a regular reader of JOHN BULL and thinks it most probable that he still reads it, and we

have been asked to insert this appeal in the hope that it will catch the young man's eye, and that it may induce him to return to his friends and clear our correspondent of unjust suspicion.

We can only hope that our correspondent is right, and that this statement will be seen by his friend, and if we may venture to address a word to him we would say, come back and face the music. In his case it will not mean what it might mean in many cases. His return would remove unjust stigma from his friend, and lighten the sorrow caused to his parents by his error. All concerned seem anxious to forget the slip, and extend the hand of forgiveness. Surely he will not hesitate to avail himself of the opportunity to put things straight.

"CHRISTIE'S SALEROOMS."

MORE COMPLAINTS AND SOME SUGGESTIONS.

Our last week's article on this subject has brought an avalanche of letters about our heads, and opened up so many questions of interest to the art-loving public that it would require more space than we can spare to deal with them in anything but a casual manner.

One correspondent indignantly asks us how Messrs. Christie can prevent their dealer patrons from indulging in their little "knock-out" parties, and why should the public expect more from the fashionable King Street auctioneers than from the common or garden variety who carry on business all over the metropolis?

Well, we certainly do not propose to attempt to teach a firm of such eminence and established reputation how to run its business, and we really do not know why people should attribute a higher degree of administrative morality to its proprietors than to others in the same line—but they do!

Another reader points out that this is another matter that they arrange better in France, and, incidentally, supplies a useful hint for augmenting the public revenue. It seems that the Parisian equivalent of Christie's, the Hotel Drouot, is under State supervision, the auctioneers, or "commissaire-priseurs," ministerial officers, and that, in the case of valuable works of art or jewellery, a recognised expert examines and appraises each lot, and is, therefore, in a way, staking his professional reputation on the correctness of his judgment. This, at least, is a practical guarantee of authenticity. The interesting point for the Chancellor of the Exchequer is that the purchaser pays ten per cent. to the State on the price he bids, so that in the case of a picture being adjudged at, say, a thousand pounds, the buyer would pay eleven hundred, the seller receiving the thousand and the State one hundred.

Another correspondent makes a grave complaint as to the leakage of office secrets at Christie's, by affirming that a certain ring of dealers can always ascertain the reserve prices fixed by sellers who consign their goods; but this is a matter that the firm would surely deal seriously with if a definite case were brought to its notice.

While on the subject of the black bands who practise the "knock out," to the detriment of honest folk, we can affirm, from personal knowledge, that the principal horse auctioneers—Messrs. Tattersall, for instance—adopt drastic measures towards those whom they suspect of such combinations, by excluding them entirely from their yards; and that this is an example to follow we feel sure nobody will deny.

SHAMS.

"PROFIT AND PLEASURE"

There is, it seems, a paper called *Profit and Pleasure*, which offers certain prizes to those who can "properly arrange the portrait of a well-known British Admiral and say who it is," the first prize offered being £150, whilst there is another for £100. A correspondent entered the competition, and was promptly told in a lengthy communication that he was entitled to participate in the distribution of the cash prizes, but before he could do so he must qualify, the qualification being the remittance of 3s. 6d. "for one year for our unique publication *Profit and Pleasure*." We take the following from the letter signed by the Editor:—

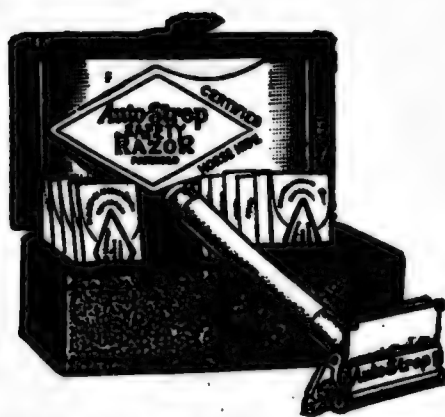
We have sent you this early intimation to let you know that you are successful, and we have enclosed you our draft at sight payable according to the conditions, and at close of competition.

The "draft at sight" has in the corner £150, and over the £150 the word and figures "or £100," and the promise is "to pay him or her the *pro rata* sum that he or she is entitled to within seven days of closing of competition, providing that the holder has subscribed to *Profit and Pleasure* for 12 months." This "draft" is signed by "the Editor."

We think we may fairly say that this is as impudent an attempt to fleece the public as we have seen for some time.

Almost every high-class
shop in the country
that has made a
study of safety razors
recommends the
AutoStrop
SAFETY
RAZOR
simply because it
Strops Itself

It is the only safety razor that does not
involve continual expense for new blades



The Standard Outfit consists of quadruple
silver-plated, self-stropping razor; one
dozen specially tested lancet-steel blades;
one horsehide strop, the whole contained
in handsome leather case, size 2 in. by 3½ in. The price complete is **21/-**
NET.

Let your
dealer
demonstrate
it to you.

Money refunded
if not satisfied
after 30 days' trial.

Illustrated description free on request

Address Dept. M.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co. Ltd.

61 New Oxford Street, London, W.

ENGLAND—AS SHE IS TAUGHT.

BY SYDNEY H. BERRY.

A TRUE STORY.

"Right turn! Dismiss!" called Mr. Tesher, and some four-score bovine-looking youngsters with heavily-shod feet and lightly-clad necks shuffled out of the dusty schoolroom into the glare of the sun.

Mr. Tesher locked his desk with a sigh of relief. He had had a trying morning. A young and inexperienced inspector fresh from the university, and whose chief qualification for the post (into which he had been "manœuvred" on the representation of an eminent ecclesiastic) was an overweening self-esteem plus the usual quota of official arrogance, had been buzzing around the unhappy pedagogue in much the way a picador worries the bull in the arena.

The Government inquisitor had breathed foul scorn over the copy-books of the cubs of the soil.

It was the same with the scholars' composition. One horny-fisted yokling had so far expressed his individuality when discoursing upon Empire Day as to write:—

"The way to train children to stick up for the Empire is to train them properly when they are young to interfere with no other country but their own."

Unfortunately H.M.I. chanced to pick up this very book, and, turning the dog's-eared pages in much the same manner as an astute broker scans the auctioneer's catalogue, said:

"What's this?"

"Composition, sir," faltered the schoolmaster, nervously.

"Fiddlesticks!" snapped H.M.I., throwing the book contemptuously aside.

Mr. Tesher vainly endeavoured to explain that as the whole of the teaching devolved upon himself and a single assistant, he had but little time to devote to individual instruction.

"What's the matter, Will?" questioned Mrs. Tesher, noticing her husband's untouched plate.

"That idiot Wessell has been round this morning."

"Been finding fault again?"

"What do you think he came for! Look here, Min, I've a jolly good mind to give up the job altogether and take on Tapper's offer at the Insurance Office. I've been struggling on with an unqualified assistant this last twelvemonth, wearing myself out at the drudgery, and what's the reward?"

Mrs. Tesher put her arm round her husband's neck.

"Cheer up, Will, the holidays are coming. By the way, I've had a letter from Aunt Hettie."

"Any news?" asked the schoolmaster, dispiritedly.

"None to speak of. Bessie is still out of a situation. Aunt has spent any amount on her education. She's cost the Government some hundreds of pounds, too, at the Training College, and now, with all her qualifications and certificates, she can't find a school. Suppose she will have to follow Jenny Wenlock's example; Jenny had the same experience, you remember, and rather than remain idle she took a position in a sixpenny bazaar at ten shillings a week!"

"What a scandal!" said Mr. Tesher, bringing down his fist upon the table. "And have you seen this morning's paper? The County Council are asking for a cool £20,000 to build another Training College—to educate girls for sixpenny bazaars!"

"Do you think they'll give you an assistant, Will?"

"Can't say. I tackled Hittlemann with the matter, but he was very reticent. Trade instinct, I expect—won't advance much without good security; and the Lord knows whether the school buildings will be condemned or no. The Committee are expecting it. What does it matter to them if the children swelter fifty in a small class-room with a five-by-four window. Much better back the proposal for a £20,000 college. Faugh!"

Mrs. Tesher rang the bell. The call was answered by the maid-of-all-work, a smart, saucy-looking wench of nineteen.

"Amelia, you can clear the table. I shall be going out this afternoon. Look after baby and see that he has his food at the proper time."

Amelia, however, made no attempt to remove the platters. She stood shuffling by the door, with pouting lips.

Mr. Tesher glanced up nervously. He both dreaded and hated these domestic disputes, which had been somewhat frequent of late. Amelia had always been of a too imperious manner for his liking; she had intimidated him from her first day of service.

"What is it, Amelia?" he asked, quietly.

"Only this," said the girl, tapping the floor rudely with her foot, "it's my afternoon off, and Missus wants me to stay in."

"But you can go out to-morrow or the next day," remonstrated Mrs. Tesher, "It's most important that I—"

"I've had enough of this!" broke in Amelia, insolently. "I can't stand being put off, and won't!"

Mr. Tesher took his courage in both hands. The morning's experience had worked him up to the right pitch.

"Amelia," he said, sternly, "pack your box and be off. I'll send a boy to the 'Bell' for a trap this very moment."

"At last," said the schoolmaster, with a sigh of relief, as he handed the long official envelope to his wife. "They've actually granted me another assistant. Now we can re-organise and get some foundation work in. It seems, after all, that Hittlemann has moved in the matter."

"Only a 'supplementary' teacher, though," said Mrs. Tesher, with a shade of disappointment in her voice. "If they'd only given you an uncertificated—"

"One must be thankful for small mercies," interrupted Mr. Tesher. "Well, good-bye, dear. I'll get down to the school and re-arrange the classes in readiness."

The hands of the school clock pointed to 9.15, and Mr. Tesher still waited his new colleague. As the half-hour approached he became decidedly anxious, and began to fear that some mistake had been made after all, that the appointment had meantime been cancelled as a too generous dispensation.

However, the school-door rattled, then opened with a jerk. A large-brimmed, rose-trimmed hat obtruded itself, followed by a perky head.

Mr. Tesher stood petrified by his desk.

"Amelia!" he gasped.

Well, what of that? She had the permission of the Local Authority and the gracious sanction of the Board of Education, for was she not "a person over eighteen years of age"? and she had certainly been "successfully vaccinated."

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY.

Mr. Paterson and Mr. Palmer seem to be getting a little uneasy as to the pending action against the Company. Mr. F. C. Sibbald was one of its agents, when in December last he was summarily discharged without compensation. He made a claim for it, which they repudiated, but just recently they heard that he was to be called as a witness by a hotel proprietor, whereupon their solicitors approached him and offered him the £80 he had previously been refused for the purpose of going to America. So anxious were they that he should leave, that Mr. Beardall, of Messrs. Beardall and Co., solicitors to the National Cash Register Company, actually got the steamer tickets for him and his wife and two children, handing him the balance of the £80 in cash. Mr. Sibbald and his family sailed in the "Columbia" of the Anchor Line from Glasgow on Saturday, June 26th. We may add that the hotel proprietor is not likely to be greatly disturbed by the absence of Mr. Sibbald, and he has another witness who can testify equally well to the circumstances he wishes to prove.

We take the following from the *New York World* of June 20th:—

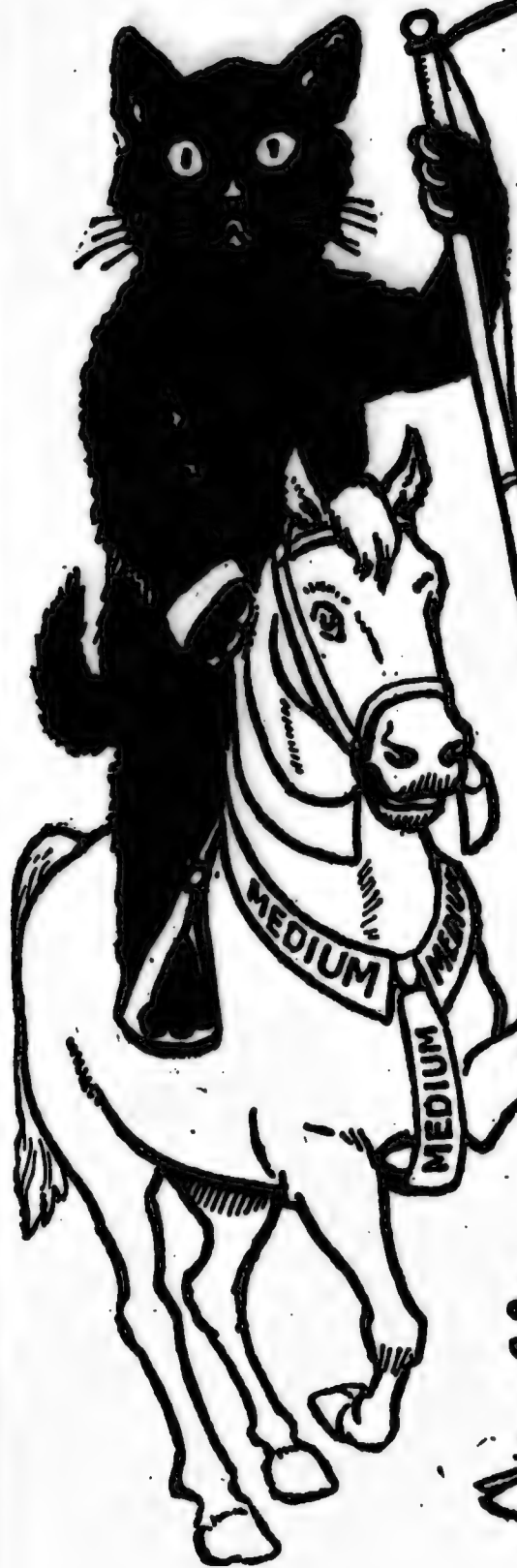
The Cash Register Trust was stirred up in the Senate this afternoon by Mr. Beveridge, who pronounced it the most merciless monopoly, with possibly one exception, and intimated that its career of greed should be checked by the Department of Justice. This to the great distress of Senators Burton and Dick, because the home of this trust is Dayton, O.

Mr. Beveridge offered an amendment making the duty on cash registers 15 per cent. *ad valorem* instead of 30 per cent., as fixed by the Finance Committee, and 45 per cent. under the Dingley Act. He said the facts at hand would justify placing them on the free list.

Every little shopkeeper must have a cash register, said Mr. Beveridge. It is indispensable in conducting every business, great and small. There are 500,000 registers used in the United States now, and the number is rapidly increasing. They were sold at an aggregate cost of \$75,000,000. The value of each year's sales is \$10,000,000. Americans pay \$5,000,000 more for the same article than the English pay.

The National Cash Register Company, he said, has driven out all competition. It has continually and persistently violated the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Senator Root years ago, while District-Attorney, said Mr. Beveridge, sued this concern in New York, and convicted it under the Sherman law. He predicted that the Federal Government would soon take steps for its prosecution. Not a single cash register is imported, he said, and produced a letter from the Treasury Department to prove it.

Mr. Beveridge exhibited a photograph of the trust's price list to demonstrate that No. 451 register is sold in the United States for \$435 and in England for \$250, the No. 452 is sold here at \$300 and in England for \$150.



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The Cat: From your face I thought you were a friend, but find you are still a bull and no friend to anybody, and now the full weight of my spear is going through you, and that will prove the light weight you are.

COMPETITION

WILL MR. HALDANE ENQUIRE?

(A strange story about a young officer, who was not allowed to retire, and was put under arrest instead.)

A young gentleman was gazetted to a regiment stationed at Aldershot in the early spring of this year.

Shortly after joining he discovered that military life was not to his taste, and sent in his resignation.

As so many officers had but lately left this regiment, and so few had joined it, the Commanding Officer refused to accept the resignation.

For some time the young officer appeared to accept the situation, when, as the result of a peccadillo committed in ignorance, the Commanding Officer stopped all his leave.

Again he sent in his resignation; again the Commanding Officer held it up.

At last, unable either to retire or to obtain a day's leave, the youngster took French leave for a day.

On returning to barracks, he found himself under close arrest, while his Commanding Officer took steps to procure his trial by a General Court Martial.

The vindictiveness of this officer, who should act the

part not only of instructor, but of friend, to the youngsters under his command, surpasses belief.

For over a fortnight, this boy was closely confined to his room in the Officers' Mess; all his meals were sent up to him; he was not allowed to mix with the other officers, and the people of Aldershot were edified by the sight of the prisoner escorted by a senior officer taking exercise for an hour every afternoon, round the long valley.

Luckily the Commanding Officer was over-ruled by superior authority, who decided to try the lad by Court Martial, and permitted him to forward, for the third time, his resignation, which has at last been accepted.

It is owing to scandals of this description that parents are so chary of sending their sons into the Army, but the Army Council owe it to the public who employ them to order an enquiry into the conduct of the whole matter, and to take such steps as will effectually prevent any Commanding Officer so belying his trust in the future.

It is one thing to enforce discipline, but between strict discipline and a vindictiveness which recalls the times of the old Hebrew rulers, is a very wide step, a step which no officer who prides himself on the title of gentleman should attempt to take.

THE GREAT WHITE CITY.

THINGS GOING FROM BAD TO WORSE.

Things seem to be going from bad to worse at the Great White City. Two-thirds of the attendants have been dismissed, and the reductions are not at an end.

The papers talk about the beautiful lighting up, but the standard lamps upon each side of the roadway are no longer lighted, and the general lighting is not until 9 p.m.

Much fine writing has been expended on the Colonial Gardens. There is not a flower or shrub in the place, and the preparation of the ground was only recently commenced.

The visitors—such of them as there are—seem to like the Whirling Waters, but complain that the fifteen minutes' fun has been reduced to forty-five seconds. You are no sooner in than you are out, and that, they say, is not good enough for their money.

About the only thing worth seeing, with plenty of time to see it, is the London and North Western Cinematograph Show, where there is nothing to pay and much to please.

The drinking fountains, of which we heard so much, are not finished yet. Only two are with water.

When the show opened there were twenty places where the bands were to be found. Now there are only twelve. The Duke of Devonshire's Orchestra has been removed, the Edelweiss Swiss Troupe ditto, and D'Amato's Neapolitan Singers ditto. There are never more than four bands playing, and often only three. A correspondent tells us that last week he was one of the three listeners to the Guards' band. The bands are excellent, but they have nobody to play to.

Immediately after the opening of the Exhibition there were one hundred and thirty-five policemen looking after things in the grounds. Now there are only thirty, and some more are going this week. One deplorable result is the number of undesirable characters that are beginning to frequent the place.

It is a sad frost. How much longer will the gates be open?

We have received the following:—

The public owe you a debt of gratitude for your exposure of shams. In your issue of the 12th ult., however, you handle the White City Sham with considerable leniency. I took the journey from Bristol a few days ago to see this great Imperial International Exhibition. I had many times gone into last year's Franco-British, and liked it very much. But the present one is an outrageous sham. It is advertised as an International Exhibition, and the only thing of that character of an exhibit which I could find there was the New Zealand exhibit of last year. The rest was a wilderness of disorder and emptiness, or stalls where cheap trash was offered for sale, the attendants rushing upon you as their legitimate prey.

True the buildings are still there, though these have been marred by having the colour changed from white to grey, blue, and other shades. The grounds also are pretty, still, and the music would have been enjoyable had the weather been fine. But to lure people there to wander round in the vain attempt to find something worth seeing, and, failing in the effort, sit down on a chair in tired disgust, to be immediately charged twopence each for the seat, is indefensible.

One of a number of workmen discharged by the White City management writes to us as follows:—

The management had us up five times before the Exhibition opened, at our own risk and expense, for the purpose of engaging us for a fortnight's work, and most of the men, like myself, had to be recommended there privately. They told us on Monday, when they discharged us, that we all had a clean sheet, nothing whatever against us, and when things looked up at the Exhibition they would send for us. Myself, I have a wife and three little children depending upon me, and had been out of work for some considerable time previous to starting there, so I feel the pinch very much, as the others do.

And here is a complaint from a visitor:—

Your remarks in your last issue are quite just. As instances of Kiralfyian greed, the flimsy programmes are sold at 2d. apiece, the rent of chairs is 2d., those near the bandstand 3d., and the comparatively few free benches are out of easy carshot of the band. I was present on the day of the Bulldog Show, which necessitated an extra admission fee, yet neither in the programmes nor in the daily paper advertisements was this mentioned. Everything is behindhand, and the grounds, on a wet day, are a mass of mud. And, lastly, there are absolutely no indications as to where to find the various gardens and courts.

What is your Number?

See page iii of cover.

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BANKS AND THEIR CLERKS.

In our issue of July 3rd we published as a "Human Document" the statement of an ex-bank clerk, who, having served one of the great Joint Stock Banks faithfully and well for eleven years, and being passing rich upon £90 a year, was dismissed because he had borrowed a trifle from a moneylender. We have now before us a letter which describes the treatment of another ex-bank clerk, and we think it will be in the public interest if we give it publicity. Fortunately, in this case we are able to do what for obvious reasons is generally impossible, i.e., to give the name and address of our correspondent. Mr. J. H. Stevenson, of 21, Bedford Row, E.C., was for nearly 21 years, i.e., from the 24th February, 1879, to 6th November, 1899, a clerk in the London Joint Stock Bank. In October, 1899, he foolishly endorsed a promissory note for a friend. The transaction came to the ears of the authorities, as such transactions will, and he was called upon to resign. Mr. Stevenson consulted a solicitor, who advised him that he had better do so.

Now one of the rules under which Mr. Stevenson entered the service of the London Joint Stock Bank runs as below:—

Clerks who have had 20 years' service and over, who retire by the direction and with the consent of the Board, are entitled to their pension.

It should be mentioned that when Mr. Stevenson entered the service of the Bank it was represented to him that this pension scheme was a very desirable thing, and every year when the staff were all summoned to the board room to hear the Deed of Secrecy read over the General Manager used to make a little set speech:—

Gentlemen who may think they are not receiving so large a salary as they might, must not forget their pension, and they must look upon it in the light of deferred pay.

To resume the story, Mr. Stevenson broke no rule of the Bank by endorsing the promissory note. There was a rule that clerks should have no dealings with moneylenders, but no rule to prevent them backing a note. Proof of this is to be found in the fact that at the end of November, 1899, i.e.,

some weeks after the enforced resignation of Mr. Stevenson, a notice was attached to every man's salary cheque to the effect that:—

No clerk shall be allowed to draw, accept, or endorse any bill or promissory note, or borrow money or become surety for anyone borrowing money, under pain of instant dismissal.

Of course, that rule binds all in the service of the Bank whilst it remains in force, but it was never in force during the time that Mr. Stevenson served the Bank.

After his resignation, Mr. Stevenson applied to the Bank for his pension, but was informed that he had been dismissed, and under the rule he forfeited his pension. He sued the Bank for it, but, unfortunately for him, Mr. Justice Wright, who tried the case, held that to say Mr. Stevenson's being called upon to resign was retiring by direction and consent of the directors, was "straining of language," and that, in fact, he had been dismissed. Mr. Stevenson carried the case to the Court of Appeal, but they upheld the decision of the Court below, and he could not afford to go farther.

Result, a man of 40, having given 20 years of the best of his life to one of the biggest Banks in London, is deprived of his pension by a legal quibble.

At the time of his dismissal at the end of this 20 years of good service Mr. Stevenson's salary was £185.

We have two observations to make upon this true story. The first is that the Bank was, in our opinion, guilty of great injustice in dismissing Mr. Stevenson because he endorsed a note for a friend. We daresay he was foolish to do so, but if so, and his friend, as often enough happens, left him to take up the note, the loss was his and not the Bank's, and, anyway, he might fairly say that he thought he was at liberty to do this foolish thing, since the Bank, which prohibited other monetary transactions, had at that time not prohibited this one.

And then as to the salary, surely £185 a year after 20 years' service is an utterly inadequate salary to pay a capable bank official, who had always given satisfaction to his employers. How can the Bank expect to continue to keep really good men in their service under such miserable conditions of pay?

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THE BUNGLER.

By A. E. STOREY.

As the last strokes of midnight rang out from the church near by the man in the bed stirred and opened his eyes and gazed dreamily round the big hospital ward.

He felt drowsy and at ease for once, the tightness of his bandage was forgotten, and the dull ache of his wounded side; also, for the moment, he had no thought of the future. In a half-waking fashion he was conscious of the comfort of the long ward with its few softly shaded lights, its rows of white beds, with their sleeping occupants, and the comfortable figure of the nurse moving softly about. It was very quiet and peaceful, and the man's eyes were just closing heavily again, when a slight movement at his side startled him wide awake, and he became sickeningly conscious of the burly figure of the policeman. Into the man's now wide-awake face a look of hopeless despair crept.

Day and night a policeman sat on guard over him. One during the day erect, smart, and alert. Another during the night, who slouched and drowsed in the big chair with his helmet on the floor by his side. Opposite, in a direct line with his bed, was a big low window, and through the window the grey outlines of a huge turretted building could be dimly seen. This was the county gaol, the gaol to which the policeman would take him as soon as the doctor had patched him up enough to go through the necessary preliminary formalities. He was that most pitiful of all failures, an attempted suicide, and was being carefully nursed back to health by every method known to science to stand his trial for misappropriating money.

His was a commonplace enough story; he had speculated with large sums of money not his own, and lost, and in the first frenzy of remorse and despair had shot himself. Now, he lay staring with wide hunted eyes at the strip of star-lit sky above the prison; all the horror of his first return to consciousness in the ward rushed over him—the misery of being dragged back to live willy-nilly, and the dread with which he had found himself getting stronger each day in spite of the perpetual reminder of the watchful policeman and the blank grey walls of the prison.

His life was in ruins; ignominy and shame were before him. What a fool he had been! A bungler! He had bungled his own life and the lives of others; he had even bungled his way of escape from the shame before him. His thoughts were very bitter, a mingling of remorse and dread intensified by the state of bodily weakness to which he was reduced. What a tangle! His brain reeled, and he groaned aloud in the agony of his mind.

The nurse came hurriedly down the ward with a cup of hot milk.

She came fussily to the bedside with professional concern. "What is the matter? Aren't you comfortable?"

"Yes, thank you," said the man, smiling bitterly in the dim light; "quite comfortable."

He made a movement to take the cup.

"No; don't move your right arm; you're to keep that quite still," said the nurse, quickly.

The man drank the milk, and when the nurse had gone lay thinking. He remembered now hearing the doctor say, "The right arm must be kept absolutely still to avoid any—" the rest of the sentence was said in too low a tone for him to hear. What was it? What would happen if he moved his arm?

He moved it slightly; it hurt a little, but that was all. Stealthily he turned his head and looked at the policeman nodding in his chair, and then he thrust out his arm to its fullest extent and drew it swiftly back, stifling with difficulty the cry of agony that rose to his lips.

Ten minutes later the policeman nodded violently, and roused himself with a jerk, and looked from force of habit at the bed.

Something strange struck him; all across the pillow and the right side of the bed was a dark shadow. Shadow? No; the shaded lights had not been moved!

Gingerly he put out his hand and touched the shadow; it was wet!

The nurse came hurriedly in response to the policeman's startled call and switched on the electric light, but even as she did so the soft breathing stopped, and the hunted look died out of the white face. He had not bungled this time.

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is one of the pleasures of life which count. ¶ It is a well-blended mixture of ripe tobaccos, some of which are unknown to pipe smokers except in Chairman. ¶ Their qualities and fine smoking properties are the reason of their selection. ¶ They make Chairman what it is—a pipe tobacco of quality that will satisfy most pipe smokers—and continue to satisfy them, whether they smoke much or little. ¶ It is cool, always cool, and burns evenly and slowly to the last shred with a rich and pleasing aroma.

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R. J. LEA, Manchester.

PLEASE, MR. CHURCHILL.

A CASE FOR THE BOARD OF TRADE.

(How the arrangement for the management of the North London Railway by the L. and N.W. Company is affecting the employees.)

We respectfully direct the attention of Mr. Churchill to the following letter:—

Perhaps you can inform me how it is the Press are so silent about the scandal going on at present in the East End of London, London and North Western Railway Co.'s dismissals of the workmen (many of whom have put in upwards of 30 years' service) from the North London Railway Co.'s Works, Bow.

One wants to see the artfulness and craftiness in the first place: had the London and North Western and North London Railway amalgamated a bill would have to be presented to the Commons to sanction such a thing, which, without doubt, would not have been passed; but, instead, along comes the London and North Western Railway and offers to manage the North London Railway for a period of 21 years, which the latter accept.

The first act of kindness the London and North Western Railway do is to commence discharging the men from the North London Railway workshops. Some of these men have practically worked all their lives in these works, and will never get any more work in their lives, being too old (over 40); the result that follows is either workhouse or outdoor relief. Of course the London and North Western Railway have no feeling or respect for anyone but themselves, and, surely, seeing how high the rates are in Poplar, the Government ought not to allow a railway company to throw about another 700 on the rates.

I want to quote you two instances only, which are absolute facts:—

(1) Mr. Harbourne, of Archibald Street, Bow, by trade a moulder, for 35 years worked as a moulder in the North London Railway Works, Bow; by the action of the London and North Western Railway he was discharged without notice, but for the 35 years' service for the North London Railway he was the receiver from the London and North Western Railway of an extra week's pay in lieu of notice.

Surely it is a disgrace to any Englishman to be treated like this.

(2) This case has only happened this last week. Mr. J. Jones, 48, Swaton Road, Bow, 32 years' service as coach-builder to the North London Railway, was called up and offered a job, salary £1 per week.

The London and North Western Railway are simply adding insult to injury, and it is about time somebody checked their insolence.

"HOW AN OLD SOLDIER DIED—AND WAS BURIED."

With reference to the paragraph under this heading, in our issue dated the 5th June, last, we have been in communication with the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, of which Major A. Tudor Craig is the secretary, who assures us that what really happened was, that Mrs. Waud applied to the Veterans' Relief Fund (not to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society) for assistance, and this body immediately replied, without any intervention on the part of Lord Roberts, offering to pay the funeral expenses provided they were not more than £4, which promise they duly fulfilled. We are very pleased to give publicity to this statement.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD RHYME.

RECIT.: Taffy was a Welshman,
And our financial Chief,
Taffy came to my roost
To rob it—to be brief.
I called at Taffy's home
To chide him for his sin,
Taffy came to my house
And watered down the gin.

PROPHETIC: I later called at Taffy's house,
To see what next he'd do,
But John Bull with his ballot-box
Had scattered Taffy's crew.

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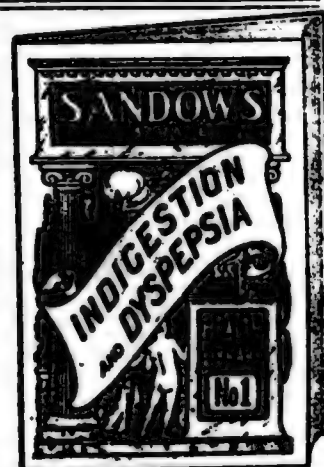
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OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Rt. Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P.

GREAT SIR,—I hesitate to address you in the familiar manner of a fellow member of the House of Commons. You are such a great man! And such a good man—"good," as Disraeli once said, "in the worst sense of the word." Indeed, I feel it to be an impertinence to address you at all. You are so much above my head—above the heads of all of us. But I can't refrain from a word with you. For you have greatly distinguished—I humbly beg your pardon, further distinguished—yourself by giving the Government of which you are so important, so indispensable, a member a terrible shock. Had there been a contest for your seat at the last General Election your majority would have been over three thousand. As it was, you had over two thousand to your credit, and this you have succeeded in reducing to nine hundred and seventy-one. Will the result be a lesson to you? Or will you, more than ever, pity the poor people who do not appreciate the unctuous, self-righteous patronage which you condescend to bestow upon them?

I should like to tell you some of the things which are said in my little corner when now and then you graciously intervene in a debate, to put the House right. I should like to tell you how one of your right honourable colleagues once described you to me. Do not you realise that more than any other of the minor canons of the Treasury Bench you have effectually alienated the working classes from their allegiance to the Liberal Party? It was you who were put up to pilot the silly and useless Street Betting Bill—which an eminent London magistrate has declared to be the source of more mischief than it cured; it was you who were left in charge of the dead Licensing Bill, the rejection of which by the Lords the Government has not dared to challenge—thus dealing a double blow to its prestige; it is you whom parents have to thank for being compelled to leave their children in the street, outside the public-houses! Cease to clasp your hands and roll your eyes towards Heaven. Come down to earth, or at the next election you may be consigned to—political perdition. JOHN BULL.

To C. F. G. Masterman, M.P.

DEAR MASTERMAN,—"*Si jeune et déjà Moldo Valaque.*" Though you are on the confines of middle-age and well through the tunnel of unctuous rectitude, you are very young as politicians go. I do not grudge you your appointment as an Under-Secretary, for you are the very type for the part. Indeed, you were born to be an Under-Secretary. When your fairy godmother crouched over your cradle, she announced that you would be an Under-Secretary. You have all the vicious virtues of an Under-Secretary: you are pert, smug, glib. You will give efficient expression to the platitudes which will be dictated to you by permanent officials. But don't mistake yourself for a statesman. You have a long way to go yet. Good luck. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Herbert Gladstone.

DEAR GLADSTONE,—Delighted to find you playing the unexpected part of the funny man. While sympathising with the opponents of vivisection, I think that mawkish sentimentality about animals can be carried too far. You were therefore quite right to ridicule Mr. Ellis Griffith's terrible tale about the bulldog which had a "leather strap with sharp nails secured around its neck," and whose feet were "immersed in glass jars containing salts in solution." The immediate impression was of some fiendish torture like that to which the brown dog of Battersea was subjected. But when you pointed out that the leather strap was an ordinary dog-collar, that the nails were outside, and that the immersion was about equivalent to paddling at the seaside, you had your hon. friend on toast. Go on being funny. Most of our politicians are so deadly dull. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Stewart Duckworth Headlam, L.C.C.

REV. SIR,—Again I have the pleasure of writing in a commendatory spirit to a gentleman of your cloth. At a recent meeting of the London County Council you asked whether arrangements could not be made for games to be played on the Council's larger open spaces on Sunday afternoons. Although the reply you received was not particularly encouraging, I congratulate you upon the broadmindedness which prompted your question. You appear to have grasped the elementary truth that "the Sabbath was made for man." If the stodgy lump of bigotry and intolerance, narrowness and sour sabbatarianism, which is supposed to represent Christianity in England to-day, were leavened with

a few more of your sort, our English Sunday in course of time might become what it was intended to be—a day of mental and bodily rest. Have another go at 'em.

JOHN BULL.

To Councillor J. F. Waycott, of the Paddington Borough Council.

DEAR WAYCOTT,—Whilst suffering from an acute attack of the photographic mania, you made a pretty exhibition of yourself at the Paddington Borough Council meeting, on July 5. Seized with the inane desire to snapshot your brother councillors, you defied the chairman's order to desist, and subsequently were carried out by the beadle and two other officials, and deposited in the lobby. I don't know whether you wanted the photographs for the *Daily Mirror*, but if so, I can understand your colleagues' strong objection.

JOHN BULL.

To Harold Cox, Esq., M.P.

DEAR COX,—Apart from the rarity of independence and the brilliancy of your flank attacks, you have distinguished yourself by the flashlight which you shed upon the cynicism of party politics. You deliver speech after speech, full of wit and truth, but no one attempts to answer you. In place of arguments you are met with ridicule, as though it were the height of absurdity for any public man to stand aloof from opportunist tinkers and pedlars—almost madness to think for himself. I am reminded of the lady who said she married a man because she happened to love him, whereupon the judge remarked that she must have been mad. If you are mad, all I can say is, that I wish you would bite some of our professional politicians. Meanwhile, I will give you one piece of advice: join the John Bull League.

JOHN BULL.

To Colonel Greenwood, J.P., Mr. Joseph Brooke, J.P., Mr. Owen Balmforth, J.P., Court House, Huddersfield.

GENTLEMEN,—Only one of two things can explain the removal of the man Crowther from Huddersfield to Wakefield Prison to serve the sentence of one month's imprisonment which you passed upon him; those who are responsible have either no eyes or no heart. I shall not discuss whether this old man of 68 did or did not merit that sentence for breaking a window in the workhouse of which he was an inmate. But when you sentenced him, you must have seen, if you had any eyes at all, that he was terribly weak and emaciated, and passing swiftly to his death. This being so, the duty was put upon you to satisfy yourselves that he was in a fit condition for removal. I anticipate you will tell me that, having rightly or wrongly passed the sentence, you were free of further responsibility. Though I am unable to take that view, it is undoubtedly the fact that the police did send him away, that on his arrival at Wakefield Gaol he had almost to be carried into the reception-room by the policeman who had him in charge, and that, while the medical officer of the gaol was being summoned, he had to be supported by two other prisoners to save him from complete collapse. You are well aware by this time of what followed. The man was at once placed in hospital, and, despite that he received every attention, he gradually got worse, and died.

The evidence at the inquest conclusively proves the callous inhumanity of which the man was the victim. "He was almost a skeleton when received," said the chief warder of the gaol, "and looked to be in a dying condition." "He was entirely unfit for prison discipline," said the medical officer. "He was suffering from great prostration and threatened collapse. His condition must have been apparent for three or four days, and his emaciation for a longer period." "I have seen thousands of corpses in my time," said the coroner, "but I have never seen one in such a wasted condition; it was a mere skeleton."

This is terrible reading, gentlemen. Humanity indicts you. How shall you, sitting in the seat of the King's justice, justify yourselves? How shall the police of your town justify themselves? I leave you to answer; and meantime, the minds of men are oppressed with the shame that such things are possible in a town of Yorkshire citizens.

JOHN BULL.

Stanley Wilson, M.P., House of Commons.

One of amenities of House respect for Chair, whoever in it. Afraid your memory failing.

BULL.

Ernest Bell, Editor, "Animals' Friend," London.

Possibly you are justified in belief that after life of animals is "inseparably bound up with own species." Would rather go heaven with some animals than some men, anyhow.

BULL.

"SUB-JUDICE."



ROBERT: "Here she comes again—and she may be entitled to hit us."

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on the City pages be addressed to the CITY EDITOR.

Letters requiring an answer in the next issue must be received not later than Friday.

We shall be obliged to Secretaries of Insurance and other Companies if they will send us their reports when issued, and, from time to time, any other information which may be of public interest.

A COMIC BUCKET SHOP.

We have in our hands a booklet bearing the pretentious title of "Modern Banking and Investment," from which we gather that:—

Foreseeing a steady development throughout the United Kingdom, the Continent, and the Colonies, of the industrial and mining industries, and recognising the important fact that the public must, year by year, require increased facilities for dealing in, and obtaining advances on, such securities, it was decided in 1895 to found the London and Paris Exchange, Ltd. Business was commenced at 24, Throgmorton Street, a few doors away from where the first Joint Stock Bank, i.e., the London and Westminster Bank, was originally started. The public were quick to appreciate the advantages and facilities offered, together with the promptness and accuracy with which all transactions were carried through, and within a very few years the clientèle of the firm so increased that larger offices had to be secured, and the business was transferred to its present premises at Basildon House, Moorgate Street, Bank. Each successive year the volume of business steadily expanded, calling for additional office accommodation, so that at the present time the offices occupied by the London and Paris Exchange rank amongst the finest and most business-like in the City of London.

... Until the London and Paris Exchange was founded, there existed no recognised banking institution prepared to fill the wants of the industrial, mining and general investor. The integrity and intelligence with which it has been conducted are responsible for the high standing of the Company in the world of finance to-day.

The booklet deals with "Protection of Capital and Increase of Income," "The Science of Investment," "Guiding Principles for Investors," "The Most Prudent Way for an Investor with Small Capital, from £15 Upwards," "Investment in Sound Securities: Payment by Instalment," "New Pension Scheme," and various other matters.

The Official Receiver cannot surely have read the preface to "Modern Banking and Investment," or he would not have said in his Report:—

The Company's records relating to its transactions have been very loosely kept, and the organisation of the whole business left a great deal to be desired. . . . The directors, in carrying on the business, were guided solely by the amount of cash at their disposal.

Then Mr. A. M. Mandeville blossoms out into the position of chief cashier of the Mercantile Bank of London, Ltd., with full power to carry on the bank's business, subject to certain limitations as to making loans, and is ultimately appointed managing director of the bank. In these capacities he advances large sums of money to the London and Paris Exchange and *London Opinion* without security.

Towards the end of 1908 the London and Paris Exchange is in difficulties, and is making frantic efforts to borrow money to relieve the strain of urgent creditors. Money and stock received from clients are utilised for meeting the claims of creditors who are threatening and commencing proceedings. Some of the creditors are prevailed upon to accept debentures carrying interest at 5 per cent. per annum, redeemable in December, 1910, with a bonus of 10 per cent. for their claims. These debentures were nothing more than mere promises to pay. Invitations to subscribe were also sent out to other people, the debentures being referred to as a first and unconditional charge on the Company's assets. The directors state that they gave no instructions for these letters to be written, and had, in fact, no idea that they were written!

Next comes an offer of "Profit-sharing Bonds," which were to carry interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, one-third share of net profits of the business, and a redemption bonus of 15 per cent. in 1914. All this, again, according to the Official Receiver. There *must* be some mistake.

THE PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.

We congratulate the Provident Association of London upon the result of the action tried before Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady on Thursday last, in which the Association sought to

restrain the defendant Clatworthy, formerly its agent, from publishing and circulating certain leaflets. These leaflets have been distributed broadcast for some time past, and they contain most scurrilous and libellous statements about the Association, charging it and those in control of it with all sorts of frauds. In giving judgment for the Association, Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady said there was no justification whatsoever for the course taken by Clatworthy, who has been restrained from publishing any more leaflets or leaflets like them. We do not quite understand why there has been such delay on the part of the Provident Association of London in dealing with this man, but whatever the explanation of that may be, they have now been completely vindicated.

DEPRECIATION IN VALUES.

We have received the following, which deserves attention:

Referring to your article in June 19th issue re the Birkbeck Building Society, you are more than correct as to the present value of the securities of that or any similar large undertaking as, say, the Prudential Insurance Company, as far as mortgage securities or investments other than shares of Industrial and similar companies, and they have been bad enough.

I speak from an almost unlimited experience in valuing; in many cases house property has declined in value not 5 per cent., but 25 per cent. and more, in the last few years.

I pointed out some time ago that all mortgage securities and property on which ground rents are secured should be inspected at agreed intervals, to see that they are tenanted, in repair, etc., and in respect to mortgages that there is no decline in value.

I fear any attempt to force an independent re-valuation would precipitate a crisis that many would suffer from; while interest is paid nothing should be disturbed at present. Value will increase.

STATUS OF INSURANCE COMPANY.

With reference to our reply to a correspondent, "Curious (Ilford)," as to the relative advantages offered to policy-holders by a company owned by shareholders, and by a mutual office, an Insurance broker writes us as follows:—

This answer, which I assume refers to Life policy-holders, seems to me misleading, for nearly every Life Insurance office owned by shareholders has a large uncalled capital as a protection for the policy-holders in addition to the accumulated funds, and in the case of a proprietary company transacting other classes of insurance business besides Life, all the general funds—such as Fire, Accident, and the like—may be called upon to satisfy life claims should the Life fund be exhausted, in addition to which the Articles of Association in many cases prescribe that the expenses of administering the Life Department shall not exceed 10 per cent. of the premiums, and few mutual offices paying commission can show an expense ratio as low. In some cases the whole of the profits in the participating section of a proprietary company belong to the Life policy-holders, and in most other cases the shareholders are only entitled to one-tenth of the Life profits in return for the protection afforded by the uncalled capital.

You will perhaps say that the reversionary and other bonus rates declared by the mutual life offices are superior to those of the proprietary companies in most cases, but some of the best of the latter are in the front rank in this respect, e.g., the North British and Mercantile and the Liverpool and London and Globe, etc.

What do the Mutual men say to this?

OUR KAFFIR-RUBBER TIP.

As we continue to receive a large number of enquiries concerning the Rubber Exploration Company, to which concern we have recently drawn attention in these columns, we have had an interview with the Managing Director, Mr. W. N. Morrison, at the offices of the Company, 52, New Broad Street. The information obtained fully confirms the views we have already expressed concerning the Company, and leaves us even more impressed with its prospects. We advise those of our readers who contemplate an investment, and who can conveniently do so, to personally interview Mr. Morrison, and learn from him, first hand, the nature of the Company's business. Meantime, we may remind them that it is a Finance Company, interested not only in rubber, but also having very important business in the South African market, so that everything in the nature of a Kaffir boom will greatly increase the profits. We repeat that we do not know of any speculative share that offers a better opportunity, both as to dividend prospects and capital appreciation. Rubber Explorations, therefore, remain our recommendation, and this intimation must be accepted as a reply to all who have written us for advice.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

KING'S TREASURY.—SUSPICIOUS (Southampton).—We will make full enquiries into your statements.

FARROW'S BANK.—W. D. (Gosport).—There is no Stock Exchange quotation for these shares.

ST. MICHAEL (Linlithgow).—We are not quite sure.

C. P. (London).—We cannot take the responsibility of advising you in the matter. We suggest that you avail yourself of the sources of information available.

PURCHASE OF HOUSES.—C. C. (Sunderland).—The Perpetual, of New Bridge Street, is as good an office as you can go to, but they will require you to buy a portion of the purchase money—say, one-fourth, or at least one-eighth.

J. P. B. (Sidcup).—See previous answer.

STANDING OF SYNDICATE.—S. G. L. (Shepherd's Bush).—We know nothing about the syndicate to which you refer.

HOLLAND PARK SKATING RINK COMPANY.—S. M. (Kensington).—We do not think it is the kind of investment suitable for your purpose.

THE SECURITY EXCHANGE, LIMITED.—INVESTOR (Lea).—We have no information respecting these people. As to your question whether, "if they sold some shares for you, you could force them to prove the proceeds they gave you of the actual proceeds of the sale," it is beyond us.

HANNAN PROPRIETARY.—BEN (Inverness).—We should not advise your doing so.

VICKERS, MAXIM COMPANY.—H. C. L. (Ramsgate).—It will probably be some time before they recover to 53s. 6d., but we see no sufficient reason why they should not do so by and bye. The outlook for this class of company was never better than now.

INVESTMENT OF £100.—U. P. (Sheffield).—Probably safe, but not desirable.

J. BALDWIN.—J. A. (Manchester).—Your view of the matter is our own.

R. A. SMITH AND CO.—P. L. B. (Cupar).—We have read the correspondence. So far as it goes, you seem to have got on very well, but afterwards, we suppose, there was the usual result. We return your papers, regretting we can be of no service to you in the matter.

THE PORT CLARENCE GOLD MINING AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.—A. L. (London).—We would not put a penny piece into this Yankee concern.

TWO INDUSTRIAL SHARES.—CORNET (Glasgow).—Both Lipton's and Boots' represent promising industrial securities.

TWO SHARES.—T. E. S. (Shaftesbury Avenue).—We see little likelihood of improvement in the price of these shares at present.

YORK STREET WAREHOUSE.—W. F. H. (Dublin).—We do not agree with Messrs. Blake and Wheeler's estimate of these shares. In the first place, there is a heavy liability upon them of £5 per share. Next, the reserve is quite inadequate, and is sunk in the business.

ADDRESSES OF FOREIGN LOTTERIES.—M. H. H. (Cardiff).—We cannot undertake to give the addresses of foreign lotteries, against which we are constantly advising our readers.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—C. R. B. (Paisley).—See what was said in our last issue upon this matter. We do not recommend the course you suggest.

JOHN BULL, LIMITED.—J. G. T. T. (Maryport).—The Preference shares represent an excellent investment, and require only a comparatively small part of the proceeds of the company to meet the dividends.

EDAY DULLEY, LIMITED.—H. D. (Hull).—You will get the information you want by going or sending to Somerset House.

TWO BANKS.—B. P. (North).—Neither is in the front rank.

RAPHAEL TUCK AND CO.—DUDLEY (Southsea).—(1) There has been a heavy fall in the price, but we do not recommend you to buy.

FANTI CONSOLIDATED.—M. B. (Bradford).—Very doubtful.

WILLIAM COLEMAN'S ORDINARY SHARES, LIMITED.—T. B. (Yarmouth).—We do not like mortgage debentures carrying 7½ per cent. interest.

REGISTRATION OF MONEYLENDERS.—VERITAS (Portsmouth).—We regret we cannot give you the information you ask for.

REMITTANCE OF £70.—AN ADMIRER (Cromdale).—Your better way would be to remit it to your friend through a bank. There would be no difficulty whatever. The manager of your bank will tell you how to do it.

MEASURES BROS.—G. B. (Lincoln).—We cannot recommend you to buy these shares just now.

BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA TOWNSHIPS, LIMITED.—BRITISH.—We note what you say about the British South Africa Townships, Limited, not being a creditor of the London and Paris Exchange.

THE COMPANIES' ISSUES, LIMITED.—E. G. (Hereford).—We cannot advise you to accept Mr. T. V. Collins' offer.

HARMONY PROPRIETARY SHARES.—MINING (London).—We should take the profit.

LIABILITY UPON SHARES.—J. H. (Southampton).—You must pay the calls, unless you get rid of the shares.

PRIZE DRAWINGS.—B. W. E. (Dorset Square).—Better have nothing to do with them.

STANDARD REDUCTION AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.—M. S. (Hull).—No.

BORAX CONSOLIDATED.—F. T. (London).—Yes, we think you might safely put in the other £500.

BLAKE AND WHEELER.—H. B. (Herne Hill).—We know nothing against them.

CUNLIFFE, RUSSELL AND COMPANY.—A. T. T. (Southport).—Quite safe for dealing, but you could buy cheaper from other firms, provided you are prepared to pay cash.

JOHNSONS, LIMITED.—B. G. (West Hampstead).—We are much obliged to you for the information you send us.

J. R. (Tottenham).—Ditto. We return the papers.

NEATH HARBOUR BOARD.—R. S. (Birkenhead).—Not much, we fear.

HUNGARIAN LOTTERY.—E. L. (Cardiff).—Have nothing to do with it.

LIPTON'S ORDINARY.—W. E. B. (London).—A good speculative purchase.

NATIONAL PENNY BANK.—J. L. (London).—You complain that this bank has a rule that any deposit in the shape of cheques, Post Office orders, or notes, cannot be drawn on until two weeks after the date of deposit, and you think the rule a very absurd one. It is not as absurd as it appears to you. The National Penny Bank is not intended to be used for the purpose of cashing cheques and paper money. It is a Savings Bank, not a bank in the ordinary sense of the term. Persons requiring ordinary banking accommodation should go to a Joint Stock Bank. Paper money is only received by the National Penny Bank on the understanding that it is intended as a saving deposit, and the rule to which you object, namely, the interval that must elapse before paper money is drawn on, is especially made to maintain the principal feature of the institution, namely, a Savings Bank. A. B. (New Cross).—It is a well managed and responsible institution.

PREMIUM BONDS.—RUSTICUS (Nottingham).—We do not think it reasonable to expect the Belgian people to send you a translation of your letter. There is no difficulty in getting such translation made here. Nor do we know of any firm that would take the trouble to do the work you want done without remuneration. Are you in the habit of working for nothing?

J. M. (Glasgow).—If you want to buy these bonds, you should buy them in London. H. R. (Liverpool).—The price varies very little.

MERCANTILE BANK OF LONDON.—Z. S. (Pittlochy).—(1) Yes, we think so.

(2) There is not the slightest chance of unsecured creditors getting anything from the realisation of the estate of the London and Paris Exchange.

TWO SHARES.—DODDER (Plumstead).—We should be inclined to sell both, particularly the second. The first represents a sound business, but somehow does not make the headway it ought. X. Y. Z. (Farnham).—Neither is quoted.

CANADIAN MINING SHARES.—J. C. M. (Southampton).—We have no information respecting the Canadian company you name.

CAMP BIRD, LIMITED.—STIRLING (Aberdeen).—We should be inclined to hold.

HART ACCUMULATOR COMPANY.—J. B. (Charlton).—For your purpose, we should prefer another selection.

PURCHASE OF SHARES.—P. Z. (London).—You would be running considerable risk.

CHAS. COVENTRY AND COMPANY.—E. A. G. (Deal).—Have nothing to do with these people.

SAFETY OF BONDS.—W. T. (Plumstead).—You ought not to waste our time by sending us such silly letters. If you lodge bonds with a respectable bank, they are, of course, quite safe.

WESBOURNE PARK PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY.—SOUTH CROYDON.—Yes, an excellent society.

MINIMAX FIRE EXTINGUISHER COMPANY.—J. C. (Atherstone).—We think not.

COTTON SHARES.—F. H. (Dublin).—We should hold on. There were a good many new mills put up in 1907-8, and when the cotton position improves, they will have a great pull over the older mills. We should advise you meantime to hold.

TEMPERANCE BUILDING SOCIETY.—INVESTMENT (Brighton).—This society, of Ludgate Hill, is a very sound one, and your money would be quite safe if you entrusted it with it.

SAVINGS INVESTMENT AND BANKING CORPORATION.—J. T. (Liverpool).—We think you had better face the loss, and take the 40 per cent. of the amount you have paid as offered by the company.

THREE SHARES.—P. C. S. (Aberdare).—We should sell the lot on the first favourable opportunity.

A.B.C. CAB COMPANY.—L. O. G. S. (Rotherhithe).—The answer is in the negative.

EAST AND WEST JUNCTION RAILWAY.—W. C. (Worthing).—We should take the offer.

BIRKENHEAD BUILDING SOCIETY.—F. M. N.—We have your letter of which we take note. SOMER (Brixton).—We do not think we can usefully add to what we recently said on this subject. PERPLEXED (Aberdeen).—We strongly recommend you not to part with your "A" shares, which mature in March, 1911. ADOLPH (Brighton).—Quite safe. J. W. S. P. (Mundesley).—Yes, we think you would be quite safe in taking up a subscription share.

GOLDEN LINKS.—WEEK BULL (Thames Street).—Nothing very comforting.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

PROFITS AND INCOME ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—ANXIOUS (Paddington).—We have no doubt the manager told you correctly when you applied for the balance-sheet. We have it now before us, with the report, which shows that, after payment of all outgo, the life assurance fund amounted at the end of the year to £48,309 15s. 7d., showing an increase over the previous year of £7,910 4s. 11d. The profit and loss account shows an available balance of £12,920 16s. 1d. The accounts represent the work of a broken year, during which the company disposed of its Profits Insurance business to the Legal Insurance Company, Limited. The position of the company leaves you no ground for anxiety.

LAW OAK AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—SHAWES (Pontypridd).—We should hold. There is no good reason that we know of why you should not direct business to the company. ANXIOUS (Leeds).—There is no cause whatever for any anxiety. W. P. K. (Horsefirth).—It is a progressive institution. We should hold the shares you have.

INSURABLE INTEREST.—STUMP (Boston).—There is no insurable interest in the lives you name, but, if the insurance company gave you a written guarantee to pay a certain sum of money in consideration of certain payments it might be another matter.

SELF-HELP INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. S. (Shepherd's Bush).—We take note of your experience with this company.

HEARTS OF OAK INSURANCE COMPANY.—S. R. S. (Highbury).—Your information is correct.

ASSIGNMENT OF POLICY.—F. B. (Cirencester).—We do not see what you can do if the Prudential authorities refuse to assign. They are within their right, and it must not be assumed that their refusal is merely vexatious.

PROVIDENT HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—R. B. (Hampden Hill).—It is impossible to answer your question without fuller particulars than you give, but we presume they can foreclose if the payments are not kept up.

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY.—A. P. (Sunderland).—We know nothing about it.

PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—C. L. (London).—All we can say is that, if the agent made this transparently inaccurate statement to you, he must have done so without any sort of authority from the head office. The Prudential, it need hardly be added, is "a really sound, substantial office."

INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE.—D. R. (Brookley).—We are much obliged by your letter, which is having attention.

LOAN UPON POLICY.—ALPHA (Birmingham).—You do not give us the particulars necessary to answer your question, but, on the face of it, we should say you will find it difficult to negotiate a loan upon the terms suggested.

LEGAL AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—G. T. (Leicester).—It is in the front rank.

THE PLANET INSURANCE COMPANY.—E. C.—If the facts are as you state them, you can demand the return of your cash deposit and recover in the Courts, assuming there is anything to recover upon.

BRITISH LIFE OFFICE.—G. T. (Leeds).—(1) It is not moving ahead as rapidly as some offices. (2) So far as we know, Messrs. Richard Jay and Co., of Craven House, Kingway, are a respectable firm.

CLAIM UPON INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. P. (Hounslow).—If you will send us your papers, we will look into the matter.

INSURANCE OF LIFE.—IGNORANTUS (Sheffield).—If you will tell us the kind of insurance you want, we will do our best to advise you.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—D. M. (Ogmore Vale).—As we have repeatedly stated in these columns, the Provident Association of London is a well-managed and essentially sound association, but, if you take out a bond, be careful to understand the conditions under which it is issued before you apply for it. We say this because your letter suggests to us that you are under misapprehension as to the terms upon which the bonds are issued.

COLONIAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—R. (Aintree).—It is an office of deservedly high standing.

UNITED LONDON AND SCOTTISH INSURANCE COMPANY.—LANSLOWNE (London).—We are disposed to think so.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—KNOWLEDGE (Aldershot).—We think you had better keep up your payments.

ABSTAINERS' AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—BLUE TAPE (Ashton-on-Mersey).—It is a very good office.

SCOTTISH LIFE ASSOCIATION.—ANXIOUS (Sheffield).—Yes, we think so.

THE CALEDONIAN INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. S. N. (Maidenhead).—If you allow your insurance to run out, and then you are burnt out, we do not see that you have any claim, legal or otherwise, upon an insurance company with which at one time you insured, but no longer do so. We know of no insurance company that would care to insure upon the conditions named.

PIONEER LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—TRIPES (Leigh).—Since its establishment in 1891 the Pioneer Life Office has made rapid progress. It transacts life, ordinary, industrial, and accident insurances, and makes a special feature of granting policies of largest possible amount with the least possible premium.

UNITED LONDON AND SCOTTISH INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. L. (New Southgate).—The company is a non-tariff fire, general, accident, and sickness, burglary, fidelity, plate-glass, motor-car, and so on office, established less than two years ago with an authorised capital of £300,000, of which £125,000 is subscribed, and £25,000 paid up.

THE EQUITABLE EXCHANGE.—H. T. A. (Bambridge).—We are much obliged for the papers you send us.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

JUDGES AS TRUSTEES AND DIRECTORS OF COMPANIES.

There was an excellent letter in *The Times* of the other day dealing with the number of judges who are Trustees of Insurance Companies. Most of these companies, it is true, are of the highest class, doing only the best kind of Life and Fire Insurance business, but there are other Insurance Companies which do a much wider class of business, and insure against all sorts of contingencies, and guarantee Bonds and Debentures, transacting business open to risks of a very different character from those of Fire and Life Insurances. In several cases these companies have judges as Trustees. A notable instance is the Law Guarantee, Trust and Accident Society, of which Mr. Justice Grantham is a Trustee. Naturally enough the names of the judges are advertised largely, and the weaker the society the more persistent and pronounced the advertising. The writer of the letter to which we have referred takes the case in which the name of a Judge of Assize appears in an advertisement as a Trustee of a Company. What would anyone reading an advertisement of this character say? That the Company must be all right, for the Judge of Assize is one of the Trustees. Of course business men know that the Trustees are not responsible for the management of a Company, but beyond doubt the public would be influenced on seeing the names of judges connected with the Company in any way. For many and obvious reasons it is desirable that this practice of judges acting as Trustees of Insurance Companies should be abandoned. There is no difficulty in getting suitable Trustees outside the ranks of the judges, more especially as it is the practice of some Companies to pay an annual sum of £100 or £150.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE COURTS.

In our last issue we referred to the suggestion of the Government that in the valuation matters arising out of the present Budget proposals there should be no right of appeal to the Courts of Law, and we characterised it as a most dangerous proposal. The matter came before the House of Commons last week, and the opinion on all hands was so strongly against the proposal to oust the jurisdiction of the Courts, that the Government have promised there shall be an appeal, the constitution of the tribunal being matter for future consideration. We are glad that Mr. Lloyd George has taken this course, to which indeed he was compelled by the threatened defection of his own followers. As we said last week, we are no lovers of tyranny, whether it be that of an absolute monarchy or of a democracy; in fact, the latter is the more dangerous of the two, for from the decrees of absolute monarchy there is an appeal to the people, but behind the democracy there is no power to which the oppressed individual can go for justice. But the proposals of the Bill were impossible.

WILL THE ACTON BENCH EXPLAIN?

A colonial reader, now over here, writes us:—

"A friend of mine has been at loggerheads with a man for over a year. This man a year ago threatened by letter to do him personal damage, and he was brought before the Acton magistrates and bound over for six months. A few days ago this same fellow wrote again to my friend, threatening to put a bullet into him, and stating, 'Every dog has his day—your days are nearly over.'"

"He was again summoned before the Acton magistrates (Fetty Sessions) yesterday, and having regard to the fact that he had been previously bound over, we expected a committal. But, no! The case was dismissed, and the fact that he had previously been bound over, he was told by the Bench, counted as nothing. I may state that my friend's wife is ill in bed as result of the threat, and that they have actually removed from their own house and gone into another district, and the only consolation the Bench gave him was that both he and his wife took a hysterical (!) view of the letter. I have advised my friend to lay the facts before the Home Secretary. I am here from the Colonies (my home), and all I have to say is, that if such is an example of your English justice and fair play, I would rather seek redress in a Turkish court even! That such mutton-headed fellows should be allowed to adjudicate upon questions involving (as I believe this does) a question of life and death (we shall see) is a matter of profound importance to the community in this country."

COMMON JURYMEN.

Apropos the lecture on the duties of citizenship which Judge Smyly recently administered to a jurymen who applied for his expenses, a correspondent says:—

It seems to me that His Honour, if not in the same gallery as a Pecksniff, adopted an extremely unctuous attitude to a man to whom even a shilling is of importance. It is so easy for a County Court Judge in the receipt of £1,500 a year to talk about patriotic duty, just as it is easy for an opulent cleric to preach on the "dignity of labour." As one whose duties take him to the High Courts pretty frequently, I know the inconvenience to which common jurymen are put, often having to devote two or more days to the consideration of other people's miserable squabbles in return for a shilling.

Judge Smyly was possibly fortified by a good lunch when he lectured the unfortunate applicant. His Honour ought to learn a little lesson in humanity and sympathy from such men as Judge Willis. It would be valuable to him in Shoreditch.

The Maniac.

Just Published. 6s.

A Realistic Study of Madness from the Maniac's Point of View. The Publishers are perfectly satisfied that this book is a genuine record of a case of madness from the patient's point of view, and therefore have no hesitation in recommending it as a most valuable psychological study. To the general reader it is offered as being more weirdly sensational than any novel. "Certainly a curious record, and bears the impress of truth."—THE TIMES

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COMMONWEALTH OIL.

Meetings of the various classes of shareholders in the Commonwealth Oil Corporation were held on Monday to consider resolutions modifying the rights of the different issues with a view to carrying a scheme for increasing the capital of the undertaking.

The resolutions proposed the creation of £250,000 Preferred Ordinary and of £150,000 Deferred Ordinary shares, ranking in all respects *pari passu* with the existing shares of each respective denomination. The addition to the nominal capital provides for certain conversion rights attaching to £300,000 of Debentures which it is proposed to issue forthwith to provide the further working capital considered necessary.

Sir John Brunner, M.P., who presided, said he was no stranger to the affairs of the company. He had been the adviser to the board from the very beginning, and had enjoyed the full confidence of their general manager, Mr. Sutherland, from the outset. In one instance, however, his advice, he reminded them, had not been followed. He had advised that the board should ask for more money when the recent Debenture issue was made—an issue which the public had largely over-subscribed. He thought that ever since the directors had regretted that they had not adopted his suggestion, but it was only on the undertaking that that omission to provide sufficient working capital should be rectified that he had consented to join the board.

He was convinced that nothing more than sufficient capital was needed to make the company a success.

The shareholders, he added, had already shown their confidence in the Board and in the proposals they were making by sending in proxies almost sufficient in themselves to carry the resolutions, and in the hope that the shareholders would remember the old familiar maxim that the good shareholder was merciful unto his chairman, he did not propose to invite any questions.

The resolution was duly carried after a short speech in criticism by Mr. Fulton, to whom Sir John replied that the best method of repairing the disappointments of the past was to vote for the resolution before the meeting.

Replying to a vote of thanks, the chairman said that he had induced his colleagues to allow him to introduce certain of the business methods of Brunner, Mond, and Co., which he thought would be of great service to the Corporation.

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W.I.M.	30 0 0	G.H.G.	181 0 0	F.W.C.	60 0 0	J.L.	31 0 0
H.H.	38 19 0	H.O.P.	37 0 0	J.J.W.	136 5 0	N.R.G.	55 0 0
H.H.	43 0 0	S.F.G.	100 0 0	C.L.	50 0 0	G.N.F.	50 0 0
A.Z.	45 0 0	G.H.G.	71 5 0	Miss M.E.A.	40 0 0	L.M.N.	45 0 0
W.W.T.	39 0 0	S.F.G.	69 0 0	W.D.C.	36 5 0	S.M.I.	40 0 0
T.C.	40 0 0	B.H.	30 0 0	F.G.S.	50 0 0	A.K.S.	61 17 6
S.P.	51 5 0	O.N.L.	33 3 9	S.A.R.	60 0 0	J.H.C.	32 10 0
W.T.	34 0 0	F.S.G.	49 0 0	E.L.D.	40 0 3	F.R.	92 10 0
A.B.P.	40 0 0	G.H.G.	75 12 6	Miss M.A.	93 10 0	A.L.S.E.	74 18 0
J.A.W.	47 9 6	T.W.P.	100 0 0	N.O.R.	145 0 0	Capt. A.E.T.	39 16 0
W.T.	86 0 0	P.L.E.	330 0 0	S.A.K.	62 10 0	R.W.E.	46 3 0
W.A.	47 0 0	B.H.	60 0 0	G.R.R.	125 0 0	O.A.D.	56 18 6
W.D.	50 12 6	H.H.	24 9 8	S.M.O.	100 0 0	Miss R.L.	61 14 9
C.E.J.	36 5 0	B.H.	30 0 0	N.S.F.	75 0 0	N.S.F.	40 0 0
E.H.	52 10 0	J.W.	52 0 0	V.F.R.	64 0 0	J.H.K.	39 5 0
T.S.D.	60 0 9	G.H.G.	32 10 0	J.J.C.	160 0 0	F.W.M.	77 5 0
C.P.	36 10 0	J.W.	30 0 0	Mrs. E.M.S.	30 0 0	W.F.W.	33 10 0
H.N.	31 13 4	L.P.E.	52 10 0	G.H.A.	12 0 0	S.L.D.	35 0 0
F.G.	65 0 0	F.F.	38 12 9	Mrs. E.L.	131 2 4	S.A.R.	59 6 9
H.J.P.	64 0 6	Mrs. S.	32 0 0	G.W.	41 12 5	H.H.R.	175 10 0
L.T.D.	37 0 0	J.D.	40 0 0	G.S.M.	30 17 6	Mrs. J.K.H.	30 0 0
W.W.T.	72 0 0	H.H.	37 10 0	M.J.G.	60 0 0	W.J.G.	36 0 0
G.S.F.	30 0 0	G.H.G.	54 19 0	W.D.C.	18 8 9	J.L.	31 0 0
R.M.	30 0 0	L.M.N.	56 2 0	T.M.S.	67 12 3	R.S.F.	67 10 0
T.S.D.	30 0 0	G.F.G.	50 0 0	A.C.F.	30 0 0	J.H.K.	38 10 0
A.J.	75 0 0	Mrs. A. E.	33 0 0	C.S.	48 0 0	S.R.O.	75 0 0
S.H.	47 10 0	A.B.	63 0 0	Mrs. F.H.H.	35 11 8	D.F.S.	46 0 0
W.W.T.	35 17 8	W.H.	30 0 0	S.E.R.	49 0 0	W.P.C.	49 0 0
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J.A.W.	39 10 4	G.H.E.	50 0 0	H.A.C.	62 4 0	L.H.	30 0 0
L.F.D.	51 8 7	H.T.C.	30 0 0	C.A.C.	60 0 0	J.D.	165 0 0
C.S.	32 12 3	J.J.C.	48 15 0	W.T.G.	48 0 0	J.P.	32 10 0
W.B.	40 0 0	F.G.J.	36 7 6	T.L.M.	30 0 0	Miss E.L.	84 10 6
J.F.W.	40 0 0	W.A.P.	34 10 0	V.E.N.	39 0 0	S.W.	41 16 9
D.R.	30 0 0	C.S.	147 15 4	C.G.B.	35 0 0	E.R.P.	96 0 0
J.F.	36 0 0	G.H.G.	95 0 0	D.C.	30 0 0	L.T.D.	60 0 0
C.F.P.	104 14 0	M.O.G.	35 6 2	S.G.R.	80 0 0	E.L.F.	54 15 0
W.H.	36 0 0	F.J.B.	216 0 0	S.J.M.	32 0 0	R.O.S.	50 0 0
G.H.H.	245 0 0	J.L.	60 0 0	Mrs. E.M.S.	78 0 0	G.H.G.	52 10 0
Lady M.	40 0 0	J.J.E.	30 0 0	A.F.	31 0 0	W.A.H.	32 0 0
G.H.G.	51 17 6	G.F.S.	70 0 0	J.L.	33 0 0	W.S.	30 0 0
W.D.C.	40 17 6	M.J.D.	32 10 0	R.W.L.	52 0 0	R.E.F.	45 0 0
C.S.B.	43 15 0	A.C.L.	30 0 0	Mrs. K.H.	31 1 6	C.J.W.	57 7 6
G.H.G.	46 5 0	J.L.	38 0 0	J.M.	34 4 4	E.R.B.	50 0 0
F.S.G.	60 0 0	F.S.G.	100 0 0	W.H.P.	39 5 0	A.U.	59 0 0
Miss E.	100 0 0	A.C.L.	31 15 0	D.S.	60 10 0	J.S.	30 0 0
L.D.T.	30 0 0	A.B.	40 0 0	R.R.W.	33 15 0	S.W.	31 10 0
G.H.L.	65 0 0	J.W.	75 19 6	J.W.	81 3 10	S.N.H.	48 0 0
J.W.P.	86 0 0	F.J.B.	108 10 0	J.M.C.	256 7 0	J.S.	55 10 0
S.G.	80 0 0	J.J.C.	33 15 0	Miss C.D.F.	32 0 0	O.R.G.	40 0 0
G.F.E.	75 0 0	S.M.H.	50 0 0	Mrs. S.M.H.	31 17 0	T.S.M.	130 0 0
D.S.E.	41 5 0	J.J.K.	75 0 0	A.F.M.	32 10 0	M.G.	35 16 0
G.S.F.	35 0 0	A.S.M.	49 10 0	Mrs. M.A.S.	32 10 0	E.J.W.	37 10 0
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"IN THE AIR."**NOTES ON AVIATION.**

By W. PARKER.

French Construction and English Capital.

Some scathing comments have been made in the French press recently about our position in the aero world compared with the advancement made in France and elsewhere. The scheme outlined in a letter in *The Times* a few weeks ago of bringing a group of English capitalists into touch with French constructors with the view of instructing English engineers in French methods has roused a lot of sarcasm at our expense. One writer sees "inspiration" in the idea, and cautions the French not to give away their hard-earned secrets to a nation which wishes to assume the command of the air without the trouble of experimenting. The aeroplane trials at Farnborough and the attempts of our War Office dirigible are subjects of scornful pity—and no doubt they deserve it—at the hands of the French, and this the last straw that is to break the *entente cordiale*. There is a lot to be said for the French point of view. They have spent enormous sums on their dirigible balloons, and do not want to let us in on the ground floor if they can help it. Buy foreign dirigibles we must, however, unless we can make our own. **Exclusive Concessions.**

You must talk to a French aeroplane manufacturer personally, if you want to get his notions on the value of his goods. He will do most of the talking, and you will listen. I have done it, and heard figures quoted for rights in very modest concerns that would give a Rockefeller or a Rothschild pause. No sale or return terms for him—spot cash and plenty of it. We can buy French inventiveness, brilliant as it is, at too high a price, and the pity is we should find ourselves so far behind in these matters as to be obliged to come hat in hand—and cheque-book in pocket—to beg them to build our machines for us or, at any rate, show our engineers how to make them. Matters will soon equalise themselves, however, for the laws of flight are the monopoly of no country, and the real crux of the movement, which is the evolution of a satisfactory aero motor, is just as likely to be solved here as it is in France. Just now we are talking a little too much about the "Command of the Air"—and doing nothing to secure it. **Aeroplane Factories Abroad.**

Even in France the practical aeroplane makers can be counted on one's fingers, and few are doing more than experimental work. The Voisin works on the Seine, at Billancourt, are an exception; they have the largest factory in France, and workshops capable of housing eight full-sized planes, their output capacity being about one plane per week. The propellers, chassis, frames, wing-material, in fact every part of the machine, is made on the premises, with the exception of the motor, and that is already on the stocks. They employ 50 men, at wages varying from 8½d. to 1s. per hour for a working day of ten hours, and their weekly pay sheet is close on £80, as against £3 or so when they started in the spring of 1906. The Société Antoinette have a large staff turning out the "Antoinette" light motor, and their actual aeroplane plant, though not so large as the Voisins, is capable of turning out splendid work. M. Hubert Latham is connected with the company, as well as such practical men as Messrs. Gastambide and Mangin and Levasseur, the original designer of the Antoinette motor. M. Louis Bleriot, till lately under contract to the Voisins, has now a place of his own on the Boulevard Victor Hugo, where he employs a dozen workmen. He has two fine aero sheds at Issy and Toury, at both of which places he has a sufficient plant to do ordinary repairs. An indefatigable enthusiast, he is bound to become one of the leading French constructors. Another factory, that of M. Robert Esnault-Pelterie at Billancourt, is, so far as buildings and general arrangements go, the finest of all, though his elaborate and expensive machines are not turned out with the same rapidity as those of the Voisins. A smaller but successful firm, Messrs. Pischoff and Koechlin, have a workshop in the Rue des Vauves, also in Billancourt, and have been working now on their own account for rather over twelve months. They employ about a dozen hands and have turned out some half-dozen machines to date, and four more are now in hand. The original capital has in most of these cases been extremely small, and nearly all have made their reputations as actual experimenters in the field before they took up building as a business.



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BY RICHARD MORTON.

(Mr. Morton Satirises our Police Court Proceedings.)
MOTOR-CAR CASE: REMARKABLE EVIDENCE.

At Marylebone, before Mr. Small Taylor, Leonardo Vespucci de Dion, an Irishman, described as a chauffeur, was charged with exceeding the speed limit, driving a motor car to the common danger, failing to produce his licence when called upon to do so, and with a number of other offences under the Highways Acts and various other Acts.

Inspector Foxey said he laid a trap in the Outer Circle at Regent's Park on Thursday last. The manner of it was thuswise. He stood at a certain spot, armed with a stop-watch, and at a measured distance from him stood Sergeant Sly, with a stop-watch and also a clean handkerchief, procured with some difficulty from the Police Stores.

Mr. Arthur Skewton (for the defence): How far were you from the sergeant?

The Inspector: A measured furlong.

Mr. Skewton: Who measured it?

The Inspector: We did, with a foot rule and a spirit level.

Mr. Skewton: How many yards are there in a furlong?

The Inspector: I do not know for certain, but there are several. I may say that the sergeant measured the furlong one way and I measured it the other. Our measurements coincided almost exactly; I don't suppose there were fifty feet difference at either end.

The Magistrate: These details are rather superfluous. I am sure the police took every precaution to ensure correctness. Let us get on with the evidence.

The Inspector: After waiting from twelve noon till twenty minutes past midnight, I saw a motor car approaching at a fast pace. The sergeant dropped the handkerchief as it passed him, and I took the time when it passed me, which it did like a flash of lightning. On comparing our watches, I found the car had covered the furlong in three minutes, five seconds, three-fifths, and a decimal, which works out at more than forty miles an hour.

Sergeant Sly corroborated. Asked if he agreed with what the Inspector had said, he replied of course he did.

The defendant gave evidence on his own behalf. He said his name was Leonardo Vespucci de Dion.

The Magistrate: An alien?

Defendant: No, sir. My mother was an Irishwoman and my father was Welsh on his mother's side, and I was born in Glasgow.

The Magistrate: Oh, then you are English.

Defendant went on to deny the allegations as to undue speed. He said the speedometer that was carried on the car showed they were travelling at ten miles an hour. But his speedometer was out of order. His own view was that they were travelling at not more than three miles. In fact, they were proceeding so slowly that, had they not gone backwards now and then, they would have made no progress at all.

The Inspector (interposing): Regarding this part of the charge, it is my painful duty to point out that His Majesty the King passed within two miles of that identical spot less than twenty-four hours beforehand. It was the mercy of Providence that the King was not late, or the consequences might have been terrible.

The Magistrate said the Inspector's remarks only showed how very serious this offence was becoming. Had defendant any witnesses?

Lord Thomas Noddy said he was sure they were not travelling at three miles an hour, as the chauffeur suggested. His own idea was that they were standing still when the police timed them. It was impossible for his car to travel fast. Even downhill it only went four miles an hour when pushed.

At this juncture an excited gentleman caused a disturbance and was removed from Court threatening to sue his lordship for libel. He was understood to be the maker of the car.

The magistrate, after hearing a lot more evidence, said it was very conflicting. He should not convict defendant for not producing his licence, for he had none, and could not produce what he had not got. As the licence did not exist it had never been endorsed, and so defendant had a clean sheet. He was inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt, and the charges against him were dismissed. With regard to Lord Thomas Noddy, the matter was more serious. He was the employer of this man, and was charged with aiding and abetting him in these most reprehensible offences. He considered the case fully proved, and his lordship would be fined £20, his letters patent to be suspended for twenty years, and to be endorsed.

Why is Electricity so Popular?

WHAT IT IS DOING FOR DISEASE.

The wonderful strides that electricity has made in a mechanical way occasion wonder and admiration. It is performing with the greatest ease things that were considered impossible not more than twenty years ago. Its utility in every branch of industry is almost boundless.

Nor is its utility in the sciences any less pronounced. Greater use is being made of it by the medical profession than by any other scientific men. Every experiment has justified its use, and even led to still greater progress. Some physicians have gone so far as to discard the use of medicines in many cases where nothing but electricity is now employed.

The real secret of the wonderful effect electricity has upon the human body is embedded in the fact that it is nerve energy. Electricity and nerve force are identical. What is more natural, therefore, than to cure any condition resulting from a lack of nerve force by the infusion of electric energy into the body? The weakened nerves and tissues lack their natural supply, and if some means can be employed whereby this life element can be restored, the chances of a cure are ninety-nine in every hundred.

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This wonderful battery is supported by "Science Siftings" Certificate of Merit, and at the last International Exhibition, held in London, the medical judges unanimously voted the Diploma with Grand Prix and Gold Medal.

A book upon the subject has been published for free distribution among all those interested. It is a volume of eighty pages, which is brimful of the things all sufferers like to read. It does not cost you a penny, though it is well worth two guineas to anyone who will read it. Drop a postcard or a letter to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and you will get the book per return post in a plain sealed envelope.—[Advrt.]

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Monthly List & particulars of

A. Morton Smith
SECRETARY

4 QUEEN ST. PLACE, E.C.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

BY WALTER MOORE.

VII.—MR. W. T. STEAD.

Although well enough aware that Mr. W. T. Stead is by no means averse to being interviewed, I decided, for certain reasons, to adopt, not the orthodox plan of calling at his office, but a more ingenious scheme of insinuating myself into his house and taking him unawares.

A little judicious bribery gained me admittance to his residence one night recently, when he was at dinner; and having convinced the domestic whom I had suborned that my intent was less wicked than charitable, I was led stealthily to Mr. Stead's very bedroom, where I donned a shroud which had been lent me by a friendly sexton, rubbed my face with phosphorus, and crawled under the bed.

The extinguishing of the candle and some heavy bumps over my head presently indicated that Mr. Stead had sought his couch; and less than five minutes after, several 10 h.p. snores informed me that the celebrated author was in the arms of Morpheus.

Having allowed the great spiritualist sufficient time to sink into a deep slumber, I crept forth and advanced to the foot of the half-tester bedstead.

"Willyum," I said, in a sepulchral voice.

Mr. Stead turned over impatiently, but continued to drive his pigs to market.

"Willyum," I repeated, pinching his toe again.

Mr. Stead ceased snoring. I held my breath.

"Willyum," I reiterated, this time a trifle louder.

I was answered by a sudden rustle of the bedclothes; and Mr. Stead, awake at last, demanded "Who calls?"

"Julia," I replied, as softly and as sweetly as possible.

The renowned journalist sat upright in bed with surprising agility for his age. The ghastly reflection of my phosphorescent face illumined his widely-staring eyes and bristling, agitated beard.

"Wh—wh—what do you wa-wa-want?"

"You, Willyum," I answered in an awful tone.

"Wh-wh-what do you wa-wa-want with m-m-me? Are you a s-s-sp-spirit?" demanded Mr. Stead, to the accompaniment of a violently-rattling bedstead.

"I am," I returned; "are you afraid?"

"N-n-not at-at-atall," replied Mr. Stead, licking his dry lips.

"Speak the truth, Willyum," I said, solemnly; "don't lie to your little Julia. Are you afraid?"

"Y-y-y-yes, i-i-if you mu-must know," responded Mr. Stead.

"You'll soon get used to it," I replied; "I'm coming to see you every night like this?"

"D-d-do you th-th-think you'd better?" enquired Mr. Stead, loosening the collar of his pyjamas; "p-p-people m-might t-t-talk."

"You've spent your life trying to make people talk," I returned; "you also have spent, or rather wasted, many years dabbling in spiritualism. Now you're going to have as much spiritualism as you can do with. Your little Julia, as a reward for publishing her Letters, is coming to see you every night."

"I'm g-g-going away f-f-for a holiday shortly," said Mr. Stead; "a p-p-pilgrimage of p-p-peace."

"No matter," I answered; "distance is no object to us spirits. I will visit you at night wherever you may be."

"William," I again murmured in my softest Julian voice, "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, or I'll kiss you as you lie." Whereupon I commenced to creep towards my trembling victim.

When my phosphorescent face had reached within six inches of his beard, Mr. Stead gave one wild yell, and swooned.

When the consequent commotion had subsided, the frightened household once more retired, and Mr. W. T. Stead steadily snoring his melodious 10 h.p. snore again, I crept out from beneath the bed, where for the second time I had sought refuge, and escaped from the house; having proved one thing—that while Mr. Stead rather enjoys imaginary dealings with spirits at a distance, he has a very human fear of them at close quarters.

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An operator bought on February 22nd, 20 shares Steel Common and had to pay as a cover in respect thereof 2 per cent., or £8. He sold on June 5th at 69½, his profit consequently being 22½ per cent., or £90. He therefore received back £90 plus the money paid over for cover. If the market, however, had, for instance, declined 22½ per cent., then his loss would not have exceeded the 2 per cent., or £8.

GERSON, HAMSON and COMPANY, LIMITED.

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CHAT ON 'CHANGE

This book, compiled by a leading financial expert, will be sent gratis and post free on mentioning this paper. It is a complete handbook and guide for the use of those who wish to study the various methods of Stock Exchange operations.

A careful perusal of these pages will enable the reader to thoroughly grasp the different methods in which to open an account. Being written in plain and easy language, it can be readily understood by everybody. Read carefully page 46.

THE BODEGA COMPANY, LTD.

Twenty-ninth Ordinary General Meeting, held at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., on Monday, July 12th, 1909.

The notice convening the meeting having been read by the Secretary (Mr. D. H. Beardon), the Chairman (Mr. H. W. Walmsley) proposed that the minutes of the last meeting should be taken as read.

The Chairman then mentioned the directors' somewhat unusual proceeding of taking the shareholders' decision on the question of the payment of a 4 or 5 per cent. dividend, in view of the Budget which was now being discussed. He asked that those who had not sent in their voting papers should now signify their approval of the 4 or 5 per cent. dividend in the usual manner, and the names of the voters were then taken by the Secretary.

The Chairman then proceeded to read the report of the directors which was as follows:—

The accounts show a profit of £28,113 13s. 7d. on the year's business, compared with £25,756 4s. for the previous year, which, after making provision for all charges in respect of the properties, including the premium on the Company's sinking fund policy and the liabilities under the Licensing Act of 1904, leaves a balance for appropriation of £22,979 6s. 6d. Out of this amount dividends on preference and ordinary shares amounting to £7,950 have been paid, and after making allowance for the final proportion of the dividend due on the preference shares, there remains a sum of £13,779 6s. 6d.

Under ordinary circumstances the directors would have no hesitation in recommending a final dividend for the year equal to 5 per cent. per annum, as they have done for the last four years. Owing, however, to the increased duty on spirits, and the very heavy increased license duties which the Budget, now under discussion, proposes to levy on the trade, and which would materially affect the profits of this Company, the directors would prefer the shareholders to accept a dividend of 4 per cent. for the year ended March 31.

The directors think, however, that this is an occasion when the opinion of the shareholders should be taken as to whether, under the circumstances, they prefer to receive a dividend of 4 per cent. or 5 per cent., and in case you are unable to personally attend the annual general meeting and record your vote on this point, a form of proxy is enclosed for that purpose.

The directors will declare a dividend in accordance with the wish of the majority of the shareholders, and the announcement will be made by the Chairman at the annual general meeting.

If the former figure (4 per cent.) is voted for by the majority of the shareholders, it will leave a sum of £6,779 6s. 6d. to be carried forward: if the latter figure (5 per cent.) is decided upon, a sum of £3,979 6s. 6d. will remain to be brought forward.

He then proposed the acceptance of this report, and said that he was very pleased to be able to present such a favourable balance sheet, since the year under review had been one of the most critical for those engaged in the licensing trade. Last year they were in the throes of the Licensing Bill agitation, which disturbed business all over the country, and they were thankful to say that the measure had been rejected by the House of Lords in response to the wishes of the nation.

Now they had the Budget, which had been characterised as a "revolution," and the proposals contained in it regarding the licensing trade would be a serious matter for their company and the Trade in general. The Trade contributed its fair share towards the revenue, and did not mind paying a little more to the fund if it provided for national safety; but the heavy duties imposed were out of proportion. The Trade was a patient and regular contributor to the national exchequer, and one would think that it would receive fair and unprejudiced consideration at the hands of the powers that be, and to give it some feeling of security, since the State was a sleeping partner in the Trade. (Hear, hear.)

They carried on a legitimate and necessary business, but, he pointed out, if the Budget passed their Company would have to pay five or six thousand extra. (Shame.) Within the last four years they had distributed £14,000 on Ordinary capital; under the Budget 40 per cent. of that would be taken from them, and instead of having £14,000 they would have a little over £8,000, and the dividends would have to be reduced very considerably. It was unfair to a company which did a high-class trade in its thirty-four establishments

in the kingdom, and its large number of customers, that it should be penalised to such an extent. (Hear, hear.)

He urged the shareholders to raise their voice against the Budget, seeing that the question was one of life and death to such a business as theirs. He advised them to send a form of protest to the Budget Protest League, and remember the weighty words of Lord Rothschild at the City meeting.

The directors, in view of this, had taken the somewhat unusual course of approaching the shareholders as to whether they would accept 4 per cent., or maintain a 5 per cent. dividend. At the conclusion of his speech, he announced that votes by proxy and those taken in the room amounted to: In favour of 4 per cent., 21,111 shares, representing 2,673 votes; for 5 per cent., 16,826 shares, representing 1,739 votes.

Referring to the balance-sheet, he said that a profit of £28,113 13s. 7d. had been made, as against £25,756 4s. last year, and representing the largest profit the company had earned for many years, and they might congratulate themselves on it in the circumstances. Expenditure had been largely decreased all round, one outstanding item being a reduction of £18,000 on mortgages and interest. (Hear, hear.) This year the sum stood at £30,718 10s., and in less than two years' time they hoped it would have disappeared from the balance-sheet.

The company had opened a new shop in Bristol, which they had every reason to believe would turn out a financial success; they had tried to get a footing in the town for some time. In those days it was necessary that they should be careful in entertaining propositions for new premises, in view of the Budget.

He thought it would be admitted that the company was in a far stronger financial position than it ever had been before, and gave the following figures to show its progress. In 1902, the mortgages, etc., were £138,000; stock, etc., £130,000; bills payable, over £11,000; 1903, £108,000, £123,000, and over £6,000 respectively; 1904, £88,000, £95,000, £2,000; 1905, £67,000, £79,000, bills payable disappeared; 1906, mortgages under £57,000, stock under £67,000; 1907, £49,000, £59,000; 1908, £48,500 and £55,000. Since 1904 the buyers' remuneration, etc., had been reduced by £1,900 a year and the work had been performed by the board, which they might consider satisfactory, and showed the wisdom of the shareholders in the matter.

Having alluded to the improvement at the Central Bodega, in Glasshouse Street, and the up-to-date character of all their establishments in the kingdom, he moved the adoption of the report, which was carried, a four per cent. dividend being declared.

Mr. Coleman then had pleasure in moving that the directors, J. H. Mortimer Scott, Esq., J. Richards, Esq., and R. H. Bickerton, Esq., be re-elected for the ensuing year. He said that he was a customer as well as a shareholder, and that he congratulated the directors on the manner in which the various Bodegas were kept up.

This motion was seconded by Mr. Grant, who said that he was gratified to hear the able speech of the chairman, and know what a strong financial position the Company was in. He contrasted the position of the Company now to that of ten years ago, and said how considerably the mortgages and debts had been reduced in that period. He was delighted with the plan of the directors to act as joint managing-directors, and equally delighted with the results of their administration. With regard to the amount of the dividend, he was sure that the directors were right in preferring a 4 per cent. dividend, since it was essential that a concern like theirs should have sound resources in case of need, and admired their plan of submitting it for the shareholders' approval before declaration. The large majority proved that the shareholders were in favour of the 4 per cent., although he hoped that he would be able to recommend a 5 per cent., and even a 6 per cent. dividend next year. The motion for the re-election of the directors was carried unanimously.

Messrs. Welton Jones and Co. were then re-elected auditors for the ensuing year at a fee of 100 guineas.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman was then proposed, seconded, and carried, and the Chairman replying in suitable terms, brought the meeting to a satisfactory close.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

BY M. CLEMENT SCOTT.

"HENRY OF NAVARRE."

What a triumphant answer to the eternal query of "Is the drama dead?" What "proof positive" of the lie direct to all the damning assertions about the public being sick and tired of melodrama.

It is the ghastly incompetency of the many misnamed "artists" which has so nearly ruined it; but give the people the real and genuine article, and then see who is right and who is wrong.

I know of one very popular London actor who absolutely refused to have anything to do with the exciting story written around Henry of Navarre, but Fred Terry, who is one of the finest judges of plays I have ever known, accepted William Devereux's work, and what is the result?

Why to go and see "Henry of Navarre" at the New Theatre is like inhaling a whiff of the fine fresh health-giving breeze of one of Charles Kingsley's north-easters; it blows excitement and exhilaration into your veins, it does you good, it sends you home happy and contented, and at the zooth performance of this romantic play last week the storm and shout of enthusiastic approval left no doubt as to the public opinion concerning Mr. Fred Terry and his lovely companion, Miss Julia Neilson, in their latest success.

"Henry of Navarre" is not only melodrama of the very best, but it is melodrama acted by the very best.

The play is there, but it is the acting which makes it.

"HIS BORROWED PLUMES."

What is the matter with Mrs. Patrick Campbell? Why has she developed this most irritating "noiseless speech" acting sort of nonsense?

If Mrs. Campbell only made up for her "whispering ways" by comprehensive gestures, so as to let the audience understand a little of what her persistent panissimo talk was all about, it would perhaps induce a less soporific effect, but I must confess I did not feel one pulse of interest in the heroine of Mrs. Cornwallis-West's play as presented by Mrs. Patrick Campbell the other day.

"Fabia" was to all intents and purposes a most accomplished and lovable woman—Mrs. Patrick Campbell not only made her unsympathetic, but unreal and unnatural, and who could wonder that her husband turned for affection and help to something at any rate that was made of flesh and blood?

Mrs. Cornwallis-West's "Borrowed Plumes" contains some mighty good dialogue, but with the exception of Annie Hughes, Henry Ainley and Dawson Milward, but few of the large cast gave much point to it.

Properly handled, and with the first act carefully re-considered, "His Borrowed Plumes" might be made quite a good play, but as it is now I'm afraid it won't do.

CHARLOTTE WIEHE.

How well I remember walking down the Rue de Paris of the 1900 Paris Exhibition, and finding next to Loie Fuller's famous theatre an unpretentious little booth constructed after the style of the "fit-ups" associated with country fairs and days of the past. On the platform was a small hand-written poster announcing the frequent appearances of "the famous Danish actress Madame Charlotte Wiehe in a mimodrama entitled 'La Main.'"

But, alas! for poor Charlotte Wiehe, many a time she gave her remarkable performance to an audience of half a dozen or so, whilst next door, Loie Fuller was turning money away nightly, so eager were the Parisians to see Sada Yacco, the Japanese actress.

It was not until Jules Claretie casually sauntered into Charlotte Wiehe's theatre one evening that Paris knew anything about her. But a two-column article in the *Figaro* from Monsieur Claretie's pen of unstinted praise for her great gifts as a pantomimist, made the Parisian playgoing public open their eyes, and La Belle Charlotte was immediately inundated with offers from various managers in the French capital, one of which she accepted from Monsieur Mortier of the Capucines, and since then has never for an instant lost favour with Parisians. Every year Charlotte Wiehe visits La Ville Lumiere, and every year she establishes herself a greater favourite than ever.

Madame Wiehe is once again appearing in London, this time at the Palace Theatre, and in the same mimodrama, "La Main"—a thrilling little one-act piece inspired, I believe, by that very old English play called "The Hidden Hand," notwithstanding the fact that various publications have stated that "La Main" is absolutely original.

Charlotte Wiehe stands in high favour with the Queen of Norway, and besides being the finest pantomimist I have ever seen, is a delightful singer and dancer, and has but recently been appearing as "The Merry Widow" in Denmark.

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RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS.

Presiding at the eighth annual meeting of Raphael Tuck and Sons (Limited), held on 8th inst., at Salisbury House, E.C., Mr. Adolph Tuck, in moving the adoption of the report, pointed out that the many millions decrease officially recorded in both the import and export trade of the country during the past year included among them some of the more modest thousands lost to the turnover of this company, with the natural sequence that the dividend showed a decrease, namely, 5 per cent., against the 6 per cent. declared last year.

Another reassuring feature was, that it was practically the home trade alone which was responsible for their set-back. With the single exception of South Africa, which, despite its gold mine boom, made but slow recovery from the trade stagnation since the war, their over-seas trade had actually showed an advance during the past year, while their trade in European countries also showed an increase, the one exception being France, the set-back there, however, being more than made up by the advance in their German trade. While both France and Germany were countries where high protective tariffs existed, there was this distinction in the policy of these two great Continental nations, that whereas all art productions in their particular spheres were heavily taxed in France, Germany, rightly viewing art culture as an important adjunct to education generally admitted both printed and painted works of art of every kind practically free. (Hear, hear.)

Referring to the company's various departments, the chairman said that at no time in the history of the firm had Tuck's Christmas and New Year's cards occupied a higher plane than they did at the present moment, and this in every part of the world. If the opinion of the trade and the entire trade Press counted for anything, the magnificent collection of upwards of 4,000 designs they had placed on the market this year exhibited a far greater than the ordinary year's advance over every one of its predecessors. (Cheers.) Their Royal collection of cards this year contained an entirely new series after the originals, which they again had the honour of painting for the various Royal houses, who granted them their gracious permission to reproduce their Royal Christmas cards last year, this unique honour being again accorded them this year, and also for the first time by their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Russia, and their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy. With regard to the other departments, the engraving and photogravure occupied a firmer position each year, and the picture postcards promised to prove of considerable advantage to the company. The net profits amounted to £29,973, which enabled the directors to propose a dividend of 5 per cent.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

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HUMAN DOCUMENT.—LII

(A respectable youngfellow of 32, with five children, wants work.)
We earnestly commend the following letter to those of our readers who may be able to, and disposed to help. There must be something wrong in the existing conditions when a man of 32, honest, sober, healthy, intelligent, eager for work, has to go to the workhouse with wife and children if he and they would live.

I have been a constant reader of your journal, and having read some of the benefits you have obtained for your unfortunate readers, determined to write you in the hope that you might see your way to publish my case, the facts of which I give below. I can give you plenty of evidence to prove my statements should you desire it.

I am a general labourer, aged 32, with a wife and five children to keep, the eldest of whom is 6½ years of age, the youngest 9 weeks. I was employed by a large firm of timber merchants as a labourer and checking clerk for nine years, and was discharged, with others, owing to slackness and general falling off of business.

I then, after being some little time out of employment, obtained a situation with a large firm of shipowners, with whom I was for some nine months, and was again dismissed owing to slackness.

I was then out of work for some months, and then succeeded in getting a situation in the Works Department of the London County Council as a sawyer's mate, and was in this situation for three years, but was discharged with many others when the sewer work was completed and the Works Department closed.

This was in May of last year, since when I have been out of work except for a situation I obtained as an Insurance Agent, but this I gave up owing to there being very serious discrepancies in the book I took over. During the time I have been out of employment I have been doing work at the Docks and on the roads, but this has been about one day a week, and sometimes not even a day during the course of a month. My people are poor, as also my wife's people, and we have existed practically on the two or three shillings a week they can spare us. There is nothing now except the workhouse facing us, unless one of your benevolent readers can assist me in any way.

I am willing to turn my hand to anything. I have a fair knowledge of machinery, and can easily pick up any kind of labour. I have excellent references from my employers, am steady, sober, honest and trustworthy, and can give securities as to my honesty, etc.

We have to acknowledge further parcels of clothing for the writer of Human Document No. XLIX., and a postal order for 10s. from a gentleman who prefers to remain anonymous. This has been duly remitted.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS

July 18th. DR. W. G. GRACE.

He'll play a small game rather than stand out.—*Proverb*

July 20th. SANTOS DUMONT.

He would fain fly, but he wants feathers.—*Proverb*.

July 21st. ARTHUR MEE.

Run a moist pen slick through everything and start afresh.—*Dickens*.

July 23rd. ERNEST BELFORD BAX.

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.—*Robert Burns*.

July 24th. FERGUS HUME.

"I wants to make your flesh creep."—*Dickens*.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See Page iii. of Cover.

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Do not delay! Call if you can. If you can't call, cut out this advertisement and send it to us to-day, and we will mail you the book and sample by return, if you enclose two stamps for packing and postage.

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By MRS. BULL.

THE SALE FACE.

What a good thing it is that the sales don't last any longer than they do or we should all run the risk of getting a permanent "sale face." It really isn't a pretty sort of face—the nostrils are puffy, the lips tight and thin with eagerness, the eyes blazing, the colour hectic, while a pair of hands, curved at the finger-tips like the claws of poultry, dart out and clutch at all things in a blind sort of desire to get something or anything, anyhow.

Even a week of it leaves traces on the sweetest features, and one sometimes reflects that the "sensational bargains" are got at a heavy expense after all. For you don't only pay in money, you pay in manners and nerves, as well as in peace of mind—consequently and ultimately in charm and beauty. This seems rather a lot to give in return for a reduction of "six three" off a yard of satin. Was it the leisurely methods of shopping adopted by the Georgian ladies—two hours in committee over a linen-draper's counter, carefully "thumbing" the silk for a prospective dress—that gave them the divinely calm faces immortalised by Reynolds? If so—and providing you didn't get turned out of the shop for causing an obstruction!—it would be rather nice to try it as a sale-wrinkle cure. Otherwise, though, it might be rather ignominious.

ABOUT AN INDIAN WOMAN LAWYER.

The recent terrible act of the young Indian fanatic came as a specially severe shock to the Indian girl students in this country, as they were still in a glow of satisfaction at our King's recognition, in his recent list of birthday honours, of the Indian lady-lawyer, Miss Cornelia Sorabji. His Majesty's encouragement was particularly welcome to all cultured Indians, realising as they do that a man-lawyer is almost as much at a disadvantage in dealing with native women as is a man-doctor. Absolutely forbidden to talk with his client face to face, cases have been known of the real plaintiff being kept in durance vile, whilst a false-speaking substitute was placed behind the shielding curtain. Miss Sorabji has had the hard tussle that falls to the lot of all ambitious females who strive to enter professions that have up to now been regarded as male preserves, and it is reported that her delight at the King's Kaiser-i-Hind medal was touching to witness. She is a Parsee lady, and these descendants of the old worshippers of the sun do not insist on their women being kept in total seclusion. She studied for the legal profession at Oxford, passing the law examinations with high honours, but since Oxford will not grant women the degrees they earn Miss Sorabji went next to London University, where better feeling is shown in this matter. But on returning to her own land thus fully qualified, she was refused permission to appear in the Indian Courts, and for some time it seemed that all her steady work was to be but wasted labour. But, luckily, Miss Sorabji has influential friends, so that in time the Indian Supreme Court was prevailed upon to find her some work.

A TASTY JAM PUDDING.

Take a quarter of a pound of butter and beat to a cream. Add to it three eggs well beaten, mix, then stir into it half a pound of bread-crumbs. Butter a pie-dish and sprinkle it with crumbs, then spread a layer of the mixture just given on the bottom and spread it over pretty thickly with raspberry or apricot jam. Then put another layer of the prepared crumbs, more jam, and finally finish with the crumb mixture. Bake for one hour.



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Counsel: If they are the PENNA they are the BEST!

FROM ALL SHOEMAKERS.

WRITE FOR FREE PAMPHLET TO

HOWISON & CO. LTD. 26, CITY RD. LONDON, E.C.

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

BUCHANAN'S POPULAR 'SCOTCH.'

The Cure of Rupture.



"Operation is quite possible. You are not too old."

"No, no, —"

"Then, Sir, you must get a truss."

This is the common verdict of your doctor: that operation is the only cure. He knows also it is uncertain, and frequently warns you a truss may finally be necessary.

The Rice Treatment cures without operation, pain or great expense. After a few months of treatment, we have enabled thousands (tens of thousands in actual fact) to abandon trusses. Our cures extend over a period of 30 years, and embrace every class of society, and every condition of labour, however strenuous,—and there is no loss of time from business. A truss saves no pain in walking, effects no cure, and is a mere makeshift against absolute danger. An ill-fitting truss will itself often produce enlargement. Years of actual proof should have more weight than prejudice. Do as thousands of others have done—try us. You will soon recommend the treatment to all your ruptured friends.

Free trial test from

Wm. S. Rice, R.S. Ltd., (Dept. A 167), 8 & 9, Stonecutter St., Ludgate Circus, E.C.



"All Rubber."

"All British."

KEMPSTALL

"Always Grip." **TYRES** **"Never Slip."**

Look out for the NEW KEMPSTALL DETACHABLE RIM.

The Kempshall Tyre Company of Europe, Ltd.,

1, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.

Telephone No.: Gerrard 244 (two lines). Telegrams: "Studless, London."

Agents for the United States: Messrs. Cryder & Co., 583, Park Avenue, New York.



"Non-Skid Tyre for Heavy Cars"

Non-Skid Tyre for Heavy Cars

C.D.C.

Anti-Skid Tyre for Light Cars

What is Your Number?

See page iii. of cover.

BULL'S EYES

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—

Isn't it truly the Government's "last" Budget?
Haven't some members of the Test Selection Committee too much faith in themselves?
Will the letters "P. O." stand for "Politeness Only" now?
Isn't the Dear Coal Act causing minor difficulties?
How do the Suffragettes like the waiting game?
Is the Tariff Reform League appealing for funds because it can't get credit?
Why not spell it "Wails" now?
Is Signor Caruso a poor man?
Isn't the increase in the price of beer a public imposition?
Why don't those attempting Channel swims study the Channel's whims?

The Paris ballet girls are threatening to strike. They complain that they have more kicks than ha'pence.

"That which requires to be proved is of little worth," says A. R. Orage. Not if you are sole legatee.

At a Westminster inquest it was stated that when Embankment outcasts were cleansed and cared for they usually died. From shock, we presume?

"Dogs at £11 an Ounce," reads an *Express* heading. Rather a stiff price for sausages..

"The Court of Chancery has plenty to do with looking after the girls," said Lord Justice Farwell recently. Naughty!

"A Summer Garden" is the name of a new book. The plot ought to be well laid out.

Mr. H. C. Biron, who advocates the abolition of the fault service in racquets, ought to know, as a magistrate, that a racket is based upon faults.

A negro woman has been licensed to drive a taxicab in Paris. Even when handsomely tipped she will look black.

"Men have no use for clever women," says Harold Simpson. Not even ab-use?

The man arrested in Rome for begging, and found to have £4,000 concealed about his person, must have been a moneymaniac.

The cost of maintaining London's roads last year was £1,469,291. No wonder people think they are paved with gold.

Asked why he fought with another man, a prisoner at Marylebone replied that they were relations. Strained relations.

"Marriage is a splendid lie," says a contemporary. Yet it deceives most of us.

It is comforting to find that the Chief Inspector of Stamps is Sir J. E. Thrift. We thought he was unknown in Government Departments.

It is reported that the Shah is passing sleepless nights. He should pay more attention to his Constitution.

A club for "old boys" of Eton, Harrow, and other public schools is to be established in Piccadilly. No doubt it will be a "swagger" affair.

Judge Emden's dictum that all young men should shave themselves will not make him popular in tonsorial circles.

A cartload of stolen plate and jewellery has been found at Spott, Haddingtonshire. The police "touched the spot" this time.

William the Fourth came in fourth in the Grand Prix. The horse evidently knows its place.

SOME "JOHN BULL" ANAGRAMS:—

Horatio Bottomley—Lib.; Tory, too, at home!
Herbert Vivian—Vise Herb. in Art!
Theodore Dahle—Head, real T. Hood!
Richard Morton—I do charm North!
William Lotings—Got a mail in, Will?
The Assistant Editor—I resist not ads.; ah, test!
"What's is Your Number?"—But, as some win, hurry!
"Human Documents"—D—! Not much use, man!
"In the City"—Ice thy "tin."
"Bull's Eyes"—Buses yell!



OATINE for Men after Shaving

It has been said that a man's temperament day by day depends upon the condition of his razor. This may be, or may not be so, but the condition of his face after shaving certainly depends on the razor, and it is a fact that never mind how fine a condition the razor may be in, the after effect of shaving is a soreness and chapping of lips and face. This unfortunately cannot be avoided, but it can be

minimised to such an extent that it is hardly noticeable by the use of good shaving soap such as either the Oatine Shaving Cream (in tubes) or the Oatine Shaving Stick, both of which are British made and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy, and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the Oatine Soaps for shaving do so without delay.

To relieve the irritation caused by shaving there is nothing so effective as Oatine Cream, which possesses special healing properties; it should be applied immediately after shaving and should be gently rubbed into the skin, or, better still, rubbed into the beard over night or before the morning shave, this has the effect of softening the beard in a most astonishing manner, rendering shaving far easier and simpler than it is in the ordinary way.

FREE SAMPLES

of Oatine Cream and Oatine Soap will be sent to all applicants together with a copy of our Booklet; or send 3d. for a box containing samples of eight different preparations.

The Oatine Co., 270, Denman Street, London, S.E.

You are adding considerably to the value of your tooth-cleaning by first dipping the brush into a tin of

Calvert's Tooth Powder

Price 6d., 1s., 1/6 & 1/2. If you prefer to sprinkle the Powder on to the tooth-brush, ask for our new package—a glass jar with sprinkler top, 1/6 nett. For trial sample send a penny stamp to F. C. Calvert & Co. (J.B. Dept.), Manchester

TADDY'S GRAPNEL MIXTURE

A BLEND OF CHOICE TOBACCOS

Price 6d. per one Ounce Packet.

" 1/1 " two " Tin
" 2/2 " four " "

SUPPLIED TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS

Booth's Finest Old Dry
the only matured **Gin**

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL WINE MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE

Established 170 Years

GRAND PRIX AWARD FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged.

AUTHORS and **ARTISTS** submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work when stamped, addressed envelopes are sent for the purpose.

The Editor can express no opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.

E. G. E. (Southampton) says people ought to know what they are buying, even in the case of miraculous patent medicines. He is against a chess column, but wants Crow's opinion of draughts. What kind? There are Black and eke Black and White ones.

H. B. O. (Birmingham).—It would be a bad "Business Party" if it went in for Protection, my dear.

J. W. S. (Felisatove).—We agree that "dam good pedigree" sounds forcible in the advertisement of the kittens.

A. S. D. (Lucerne).—Glad to hear that Dr. Rook has opened his cousin Crow's jugular vein out there and extracted a jugful of milk.

"O.H.M.S." points out that civil service pensions are deferred pay. We have heard that before.

A. C. (Winnipeg) denies the publication of advertisements out there with "No British need apply." He says Scotsmen sometimes announce "No English need apply." But we have seen papers containing anti-British advertisements.

"READER" (Southampton).—We know nothing of J. W. Stannard, Consulting Expert on Commercial and Factory Organization, nor are we very keen to make his acquaintance.

W. H. (Surrey Square).—Your banner is too pretty for the Daily Mail.

"HARD-DONE-BY."—Certainly, all letters will be treated confidentially.

"TAURUS."—A house-breaker is not only a burglar, but a man who is employed to pull down old houses.

M. E. H. (Shoe Lane).—We suppose such canvassing companies are short-lived, for there is a limit even to human credulity.

"ILLEGIBLE SIGNATURE" (W. Kensington) sends us a copy of a bill, he received from a "specialist in dogs and cats," in the following terms: "Boarding cat week-end, destroying painlessly, burial, 4s." The account was settled at once, but to the surprise, if not joy, of the family, six days afterwards pussy returned to her old home, none the worse for the ordeal it had gone through.

J. K. (Oxford Street) wants to know "the difference between Tariff terms and Tariff conditions." Is this a riddle? We must remind him that there is a "b" in both.

W. J. T. (Croydon).—"In puris naturalibus" is a very well-known phrase. You must go back to your Latin grammar before you try to teach us.

E. H. (Cape Town) wants Mormons to be exterminated. Why not write to President Taft?

J. W. S. (Birmingham).—A belief in ghosts is not by itself a proof of insanity. What about the ghost of Protection?

H. F. (Stockton).—We note the newspaper report that Mr. Deakin has appointed a "Minister for Eternal Affairs." We thought these were the province of quite another kind of minister.

S. L. (Brixton) is a widower with a furnished house and a small child. He does not want to get a housekeeper or go into lodgings and get rid of the youngster, but the only alternative is to marry again, and he does not know how to set about it. As he is only 34, he need not despair yet.

"FAIR PLAY" (Aberdeen) writes: "Had I lived in Aberdeen all my days, I should still have a narrow bigoted paltry mind. As to the Wesleyan minister who left Aberdeen with tears in his eyes, his churchy friends must have been a little too liberal with the whisky bottle. Germans and Aberdonians are first cousins." Cousins-german, eh?

H. J. (Hastings).—If the evidence of even one of the witnesses for the prosecution was unshaken in cross-examination, there was a *prima facie* case, and the magistrate did right to commit.

G. H. E. (Sutton Coldfield) wants Jim Crow to pilot the King round Birmingham. What says His Majesty?

Mrs. W. (Kensington).—We can't tell why German bands are allowed to make a hideous noise in the streets, ring bells, and beg. You should warn them off, and call a policeman if they refuse to go.

G. B. H. (Lympington).—We should certainly leave the Electro-Vibratory people alone.

A. B. (Cleethorpes).—We agree that motorists are often harshly treated, but the defence was weak in the case you mention.

"DOG-LOVER"—We agree that absurdly inadequate sentences should be revised.

Miss L. R. (Bethnal Green).—Better county-court the Dereham Road Cycle Company. We have already exposed them.

J. H. (Upper Tooting).—The sentiments of the poems are all that could be desired.

J. M. (Ellesmere).—Complain to the Postmaster-General about your postmaster, and to the police about your pawnbroker. We must not risk a libel action.

"ONE WHO WAS HAD"—It does not follow that you were cheated because you had to pay more at Charing Cross for whisky than at Victoria. It may have been better liquor.

J. T. M. (Crouch Hill).—We don't understand the advertisement beginning: "Youth wanted; large-footed." Perhaps he is to be a chucker-out. J. J. (Maesteg) wants suggestions for material for recitations; also, where to find "A Holiday in Bed," by J. M. Barrie.

"PURITAN" (Manchester) thinks that people who adopt dishonest methods of business for the sake of wife or children are hypocrites. Z. (Birmingham) thinks foreigners should be made to pay heavily for naturalization.

F. J. P. (Harlesden) wants to know if the Editor of the Daily Mail is a foreigner. No, but he sometimes writes like one.

G. S. (Harborne).—It was very careless of the printer to put "Leaving all errors for correction" on a funeral card. Even our printer never did that.

"SUPER" (Piccadilly), referring to our issue of June 19, says a mirror receives parallel rays from the sun, and is, therefore, only at the temperature of surrounding objects, but it reflects the rays from its curved surface. So it would not crack even if made of glass, but it is usually of polished metal. We will reflect over this.

T. J. H. (Bath).—We always thought dentists were robbers as well as fibbers.

P. W. M. (Streatham) saw in the Daily Mirror an advertisement of a "free cure" for catarrh, offered by the Rhycol Co. (130, Fleet Street, E.C.) On applying, he was asked for 17s. 6d.

Mrs. S. P. (Greenock).—We know nothing about the hoax which announced the King's demise in Scotland.

T. M. (Rayleigh) says that mummers were "rogues and vagabonds" in Shakespeare's days. Well, what are they now? No doubt a myth has gathered round Shakespeare, and it is worth noting that his original MSS. have perished long ago.

F. A. S. (Sheffield) sent money to an advertising tailor out of curiosity. Now his curiosity has been gratified, and he has paid for the gratification. The tailor's name is J. N. Masters, of Rye.

W. H. B. (Bexhill-on-Sea).—We must have much fuller details before we can take up the cudgels on behalf of the boys who refused to help the curate.

H. M. (Niger River).—We will do what we can, but you do not state the case very clearly.

"MARTELL" (Haggerston) writes:—"Have you read of the boy 7 months old, that can float without assistance and nearly swim, perhaps you can tell me through J. B. if this young fellow swears, bets, or smokes Woodbines, also what he drinks now that whiskey is up in price. Was it 'Mirrow Photographs?' I challenge him to meet my son (age 6 months) in a glove fight under the M. of Queensberry rules." We will hold the stakes.

P. C. H. (London) takes up cudgels on behalf of the British-made Havana cigar—but we are non-smokers.

H. T. G. (London) says that a lady friend of his answered an advertisement in the Telegraph for a contralto for a music-hall song-scene, and received a reply from Mr. Wilkinson Scott, who asked for a fee of five shillings to "defray expenses, including a copy of the song." The song appears to be the "Bell at Sea"—and that is where Mr. Wilkinson Scott was in this case.

J. S. (Streatham) says the members of the profession are roaring with laughter at the appointment of Mr. Adrian Lumley, of Messrs. E. and H. Lumley, as expert adviser to Mr. Lloyd George upon Land Values. We suspect, however, that, as a matter of fact, many of them are shedding tears.

C. F. M. (London) complains that Sir Curzon Wyllie was not accompanied by police officers on the occasion when he met his death, and asks "what are the special branch of New Scotland Yard for, if not to take all necessary preventive and precautionary measures against political agitators?" If, however, all our public men had to have special police protection, a very large body of detectives would be required, and life would be almost unendurable.

"PAT" (London, W.) writes protesting against Jim Crow's reference to Irishmen as treacherous, without sense of comfort or fidelity, or stability or humour, and as noisy, lazy and feckless. We beg to refer him to the italic paragraph appearing at the head of Jim's articles.

SEVERAL MACGREGORS are after the scalp of Mr. Pearson for his uncomplimentary references to them in his recent article, "British Tradition Going Cheaper." One of them says the only man he ever met of the name of Pearson was "in India," and "he was the most ardent cur to be found in a population of over three hundred millions." We think we will leave it at that.

"DEUS" (Southport) wishes us to wager a new hat with him in reference to our prediction that the Lords will reject the Budget. But "Deus" forgets that we are opposed to gambling in every form.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

By Royal Warrant

CEREBOS

SALT

GUARANTEED

Pure, Wholesome and Beneficial.

Manufactured amid green fields away from City smoke and dirt.

Never touched by hand during manufacture and packing.

LIPTONS

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS



TO
H.M. THE KING.



TO H.M.
THE KING & QUEEN OF
ITALY.



TO H.M.
THE KING OF SPAIN.



TO H.M.
THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

**Growers of
the Finest Tea
the World
can Produce.**

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

**NO QUALITY EQUAL
TO LIPTONS.**

**Direct from the Tea Gardens
to the Teapot.**

Sole Proprietors of many of the most
famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates
in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

LIPTONS,

CHIEF OFFICES:

CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES & AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTONS TEA.

THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

Do you want to succeed ?

In these strenuous days, when "efficiency" is the watch-word, only the men possessing practical qualifications can hope to score success. Look the matter fairly in the face. Are you, or are you not, prepared to devote a little time to practical remunerative training now, in order to ensure congenial employment and good pay during the remainder of your life? Of course you are; and you can—whatever may be your circumstances—secure the precise training you need. It is brought within your reach by the correspondence courses of the International Correspondence Schools. Furthermore, the "I.C.S. Students' Aid Department" will give you free service in the matter of employment.

Read how Mr. Hay, of Edinburgh, benefited:—

"In August I was advised to take your Course in Telephone Engineering. I commenced studying at night from 6 till 10 p.m., although employed during the day. Early in January I completed the Course, and was placed in a responsible position without delay. Within a few weeks I was given the position of Assistant Traffic Superintendent with the promise of rapid promotion."

Simply mark the Coupon, or write us specially, for full particulars of the Course which will help you to succeed.

Registrar, INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Ltd. 125
Dept. E., International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please send me, without further obligation on my part, your free booklet entitled "Proof Positive," and explain how I can qualify for employment or advancement in the position before which I have marked X, or gain a knowledge of the subject:

Bookkeeper	Electrician	Textile Mill Supt.
Showcard Writer	Civil Engineer	Mechanical Draughtsman
Illustrator	French	Electric Lighting Supt.
Analytical Chemist	Structural Engineer	Advertisement Writer

Name Age

Street

Town Occupation 17/7/09.

Residents of the following countries should address the respective I.C.S. branches

CANADA—Toronto. INDIA—Fort, Bombay. SOUTH AFRICA—Cape Town
NEW ZEALAND—Wellington. AUSTRALIA—Sydney.

THE RELIANCE

**Fire & Accident Insurance
CORPORATION, LIMITED.**

Capital £50,000. Premium Income over £20,000.

INDUSTRIAL

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NOT A SLATE CLUB.

NO LEVIES.

No liabilities at all beyond paying fixed PREMIUMS.

Protection against Loss through

FIRE, ACCIDENT, or SICKNESS,

PREMIUMS COLLECTED WEEKLY.

COMPENSATION PAID WEEKLY IN CASES OF
ACCIDENT OR SICKNESS.

Other Departments:

BURGLARY.

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DRIVERS' ACCIDENTS.

Weekly or Annual Premiums

AGENTS WANTED.

Write for Prospectus:—

19, 20 & 21, FARRINGTON ST., (Ludgate Circus) LONDON, E.C.
WILLIAM E. RICHARDS, Managing Director.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA

("Larry Lynx" of THE PEOPLE, and "Magpie" of THE GLOBE.)

Medley.

Compare commercial transactions with the racing of one important week such as Ascot—and there would be 500 law suits.

What is very badly needed everywhere is a horse parade ring in the paddock.

A good many keen old sportsmen rely on their memory as to "what won the Derby," Ascot Gold Cup, or some such big turf event to indicate a certain year.

The faddists are trying to stop our sports, but what would England do without sports and sportsmen? Will they do so after the King's signal turf victories?

I have been seriously told by a regular race-goer recently that he has been to Ascot for 50 years, and has never yet seen a race properly from start to finish.

Mr. W. Bailey is not a "nice" owner for a "little" man to have second to him, or to any stable who want their horse that has won a selling race back again, if the Irishman means to have the winner. He then bids in hundreds.

Truly we are going back to the very old and ridiculous style of nomenclature which was associated with the peculiarities of the late Lord Glasgow, "Would You Believe It," "Who's My Father," etc., being present season examples.

Prophetic.

As the event is not run for until the third day of the Newmarket meeting, I am enabled to further exemplify my persistency—or probably better termed obstinate prejudice—by again advising the support of

KING'S CHAMPION

—especially *each way*—in the Summer Handicap this afternoon (Thursday). Lord Ellesmere's little horse is a genuine sort, and a stayer, but his two performances since Ascot have not been within 21lbs. of that running. Sooner or later he is sure to reproduce it, which would mean that he will win, and I have the strongest confidence in his showing improvement, if not scoring an absolute success, to-day.

Sandown's is, of course, a good card, "the" event being the Eclipse Stakes. There will be a fairly numerous field and another direct line of form between the three-year-olds of this and last season. Whatever the relative merits—which have been played shuttlecock with recently—I should take an enormous amount of convincing—after his form at last month's meeting—that anything in training can, on weight for age, or anything like reasonable terms, beat

BAYARDO,

for whom I look upon the race as a literal certainty, although, unfortunately, the price will be in unison.

In Saturday's rich Produce Stakes, I can well see reparation coming for the very probable defeat of Your Majesty in the Eclipse Stakes by the success of

SUNNINGDALE,

who is the gigantic chestnut colt by Sundridge from Sweet Story, who ran well, but unluckily, at Ascot. None of the penalised division—not even the Admiration colt—can possibly give him the weight.

PRESTON'S "CAST IRON" METHOD.
Profits averaged £200 per annum during 1908, 7 & 8, nearly £150 won already this season, level stakes only, worked anywhere, no tips required. Few horses backed but winners assured, above figures guaranteed and proved. Lasts a life-time and is absolutely genuine. Particulars. Stamped address.—
PRESTON, 212, Uxbridge Road, London, W.

EVERY PAGE A SURPRISE.

This Week's "Throne and Country."

Coloured Cartoon:—

Mr. FRANK HEDGES BUTLER.
"BALLOONING."



Be Wise in
Time
AND



Secure a Credit Account

WITH

"THE MOST RELIABLE TURF ACCOUNTANT IN EXISTENCE."

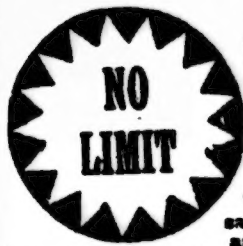
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DOUGLAS STUART

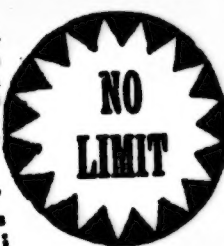
102-104, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

- 1.—No Limit.
- 2.—Credit Accounts.
- 3.—Prompt Settlements.
- 4.—Place Betting

Even when the Favourite starts "Odds On."



The "Winning Post" said:—"We advise every Sportsman to apply for his terms and open a CREDIT ACCOUNT, as his system of doing business leaves nothing to be desired."



The "Sporting Times" said:—"Mr. Stuart's Terms are very fair and equitable; in fact the rules are distinctly in the backer's favour."

Great American 'Winning' Plan

THE GREATEST "MONEY MAKING" INSPIRATION OF THE AGE

ONLY BACKED 13 HORSES LAST YEAR. BEGAN WITH £1, and ended with A CLEAR PROFIT OF £150 TO THE GOOD. Or with £5 A CLEAR PROFIT OF £785. Again SCORING HEAVILY. Can be worked "EASILY" AT HOME ANYWHERE. NO TIPS, NO ASSISTANCE, NO DOUBLING, NO CALCULATIONS. TRIFLING CAPITAL. LASTS FOR EVER. BEGIN AT ONCE. A "GOLDEN HARVEST" IN STORE. "THE RACING WORLD" says:—"The Great American Winning Plan is a novel, workable idea." BEING ABSOLUTELY GENUINE, we will send A FULL COPY OF THE SIMPLE MONEY-MAKING SECRET, also WORKING PROOF FOR LAST YEAR and a portion of THIS YEAR, on receipt of 5s. and stamped address, with this CLEAR UNDERSTANDING, that if you are not delighted, then return the PLAN at once, and YOUR 5s. will be REFUNDED INSTANTLY. THAT IS THE WAY TO DO HONEST BUSINESS. OTHERS PLEASE "IMITATE" OUR TERMS. "THE AMERICAN PLAN," 7, Stamford Brook Road, London, W.

THE RACING STUD SPECIAL

IN RARE FORM. KINDLY SHOW LAST WEEK'S COPIES. NEXT MONDAY'S "INSPIRED" ISSUE WILL GIVE THREE BIG RODS IN PICKLE. RACES AT THEIR MERCY—QUALITY NOT QUANTITY. THE LIVERPOOL CUP SURPRISE WILL ALSO APPEAR.

Post 3/6 and stamped address for NEXT ISSUE, or order through W. H. Smith's Bookstalls. Enormous demand. FIVE "ONE HORSE" S.P. JOE WIRE, post 12/6. BIG MONEY-MAKERS. Begin Saturday. A Big "Map" runs. THE RACING STUD, 87, High Rd., Turnham Green, London.

A STRAIGHT TALK ON "SYSTEMS," BY HORACE WHITE. £1,000. Have you ever seen a £1,000 Note? My Book contains an exact photographic reproduction of a genuine £1,000 Bank of England £1,000. Note. All won from the Bookies with a capital of Six Shillings. £1,000. When you are tired of tips and fancies, write for my Book of £1,000. remarkable information and convincing Proofs. It is free for stamped £1,000. address.—ACKLAND HOUSE, Loxell's Road, Handsworth, Staffs.

GENTLEMEN

desirous of opening small weekly credit accounts with a reliable Turf Accountant, should apply for rules to William Crosbie, 45, Broad Street House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

SEE NEXT PAGE.

HOW DID YOU DO IT?



LOCKYER'S HAIR RESTORER, MY BOY!

Lockyer has Darkened the Hair of Three Generations.

TOO OLD AT FORTY.

In these days, to be Middle-Aged is to be Old, and the Old are not employed, then at least

DON'T LOOK OLD, BUT

DARKEN YOUR GREY HAIRS WITH LOCKYER'S HAIR RESTORER

Which, by its power of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days, preserves an unaltered appearance.

Large inexpensive bottles everywhere, or send 1/6 to—

BEDFORD LABORATORY, LONDON, S.E., for a Bottle, post free, privately packed.

ECZEMA SULPHOLINE LOTION

SULPHOLINE SOAP

Is Best, Safest, Purest and Most Exquisite
in Daily Use.

Tablets Everywhere, or by post for 6d. from

BEDFORD LABORATORY, LONDON S.E.

and the worst SKIN AILMENTS
completely annihilated by

which directly attacks all forms
of Eczema, Eruptions, Pimples,
Acne, Spots, Blackheads, or Dis-
figuring Rashes, leaving the skin
in the soft, clear, supple, attractive
condition designed by Nature.

Bottles everywhere,

1/- and 2/6.

A FREE TRIAL.

A Sample of Sulpholine Lotion
and Sulpholine Soap will be sent
on receipt of 3d. in stamps men-
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